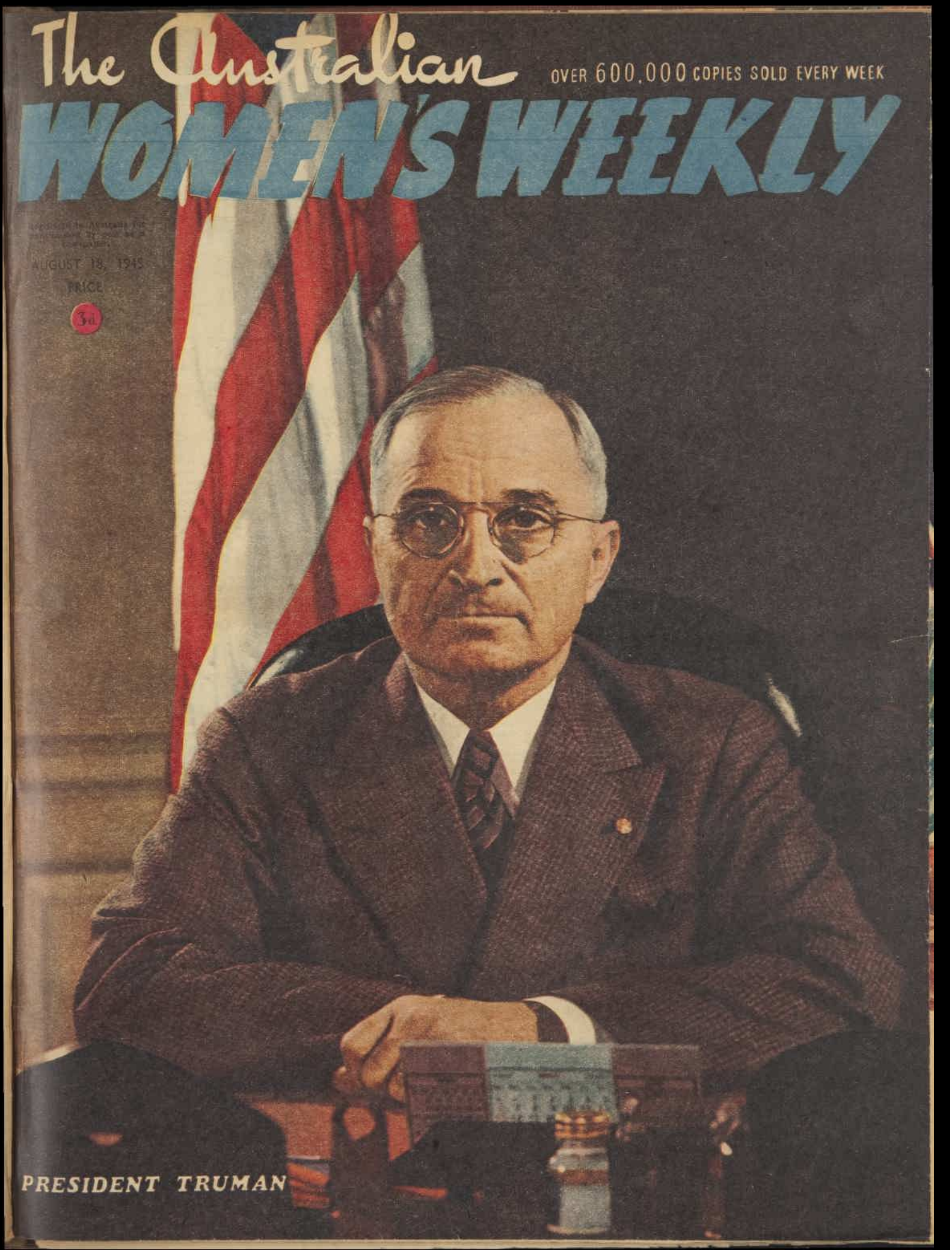
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Teaching their Grandma

By
EVELYN FRANCES

PUBLIC LIBRARY
14 AUG 1945
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

● **On the verge of becoming a grandmother I have just passed a vote of no-confidence in myself. For all these years I have been fooling myself that I am "good with children."**





"It's a sign of intelligence for children to enjoy their food," says the modern mother. These two do.

"CHILDREN don't bother me," I've always said. "After all, when you've had your own you know how to get on with them."

But after a self-sought post-graduate course in the upbringing of the modern child, I'm getting nervous. I don't think I'm going to be much use to my grandchild.

I've been visiting all the young mothers of my acquaintance just to prove how good I am with children.

Grandmothers, I've decided, should be seen and not heard.

The other day I visited the home of three children, all under three.

Having scoured the town for barley sugar I proudly whipped it out of my bag on arrival, saying: "Mine used to eat only barley sugar. So much better for them than chocolate."

The mother put my offering on the mantelpiece.

"Mine," she said firmly, "don't know what sweets are, and won't, if I can help it, for some time to come."

"Well, darling YOU eat it. Sugar gives you energy," was all I could think of to say.

I didn't dare mention how often I'd bribed my way out of a difficult situation with a sweet when mine were young.

As a great concession to their affectionate old visitor the infants were permitted to lunch in the same room with their elders.

They stolidly ate their way through mounds of mixed vegetables, baked apples, and junket, and quantities of milk. The seven-months-old baby shared this diet in a modified form.

"Not vegetables and raw egg-yolk for HIM?" I gasped.

"Oh, yes, he's been eating vegetables since he was six months old," said the young mother.

"Do you have much trouble making them eat vegetables at first?" I asked.

"No," said Mamma placidly. "It's a sign of intelligence for children to enjoy their food. Mine have enormous appetites," she added with justifiable pride.

Nearly a quarter of a century ago I was considered rather a modern mother. I considered myself so, too.

It was then the fashion to serve baby's porridge without sugar. My eldest ate it uncomplainingly until I took him on a visit to an aunt in the country. In her house he would eat his porridge only when she made it and gave it to him.

Shaken at this, I made some crafty investigations. I discovered that she sneaked the sugar into the saucepan.

She didn't agree with all this modern baby business either. And here I am now in auntie's class.

It was with some relief that I saw that the bunnies and ducks, so overworked in my day on blankets, bibs, and woollies, had survived the years.

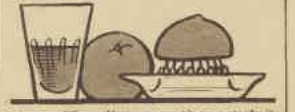
Clutching at a straw to cover my lack of knowledge of current baby menus, I started an animated conversation about the ducks and bunnies that ran round their little knitted pullovers.

In fairness, I must add, an odd kangaroo and koala had crept into the decor on a feeder or two—a development I somewhat resented. I didn't mention them, only harped on about the darling little bunnies.

Their mother took it for a while, then said with the air of a general: "Now outside, the lot of you," and they were whisked away.

"I'd love to go on talking to them," I wailed.

"Well, you'll see them later when they come inside for their orange



juice. The clinic says they mustn't be over-stimulated," said the practised mother, aged 24 years.

When I think how I must have overloaded my little ones' brains by constant reading and perpetual conversation, I tremble for the brain-storms I might have caused.

I don't dare remember my perseverance with the nursery rhymes I crammed into their little heads, and my pride when, at about 18 months old, my pets could mumble something for me that I fondly took to be the last word of each line.

When the tea came in, the rich afternoon tea, I hopefully asked, "Don't they even get a little piece of cake for being so good?"

Wrong again. Only a mug of cold, unsugared orange juice and water.

After all, with their baby tummies schooled to cope with such hearty things as they seemed to eat, I was sure a little piece of sponge cake couldn't do any harm.

It all proves that the "bread-and-gravy and little taste-of-everything school" of my day is sadly outmoded.

In my own untutored way I have also been running up a collection of little hand-knitteds. My cherished prewar angora has been daintily stitched round necks and sleeves.

When none of my baby acquaintances seemed to sport any angora, I ventured to ask why. "Well, you can't get it, and just as well. The clinic says it gets up their noses."

"Does the baby still have a sleep in the afternoon?" I asked in a lull in the conversation, which had not been about the babies since lunch.

"I wouldn't know," said his mother. "I just put him in his cot on the verandah, and only pick him up for his orange juice."

"Isn't it a bit cold on the verandah these days?" I ventured timidly.

"Good heavens, no. He's spent his whole life out in the open. Didn't you notice how brown he was from all the sunshine? He's got plenty of clothes on."

All I had noticed were a pullover and pilchers and one bootee.

When I got another chance to open my mouth about the children, I told a rather sweet little anecdote about another baby of my acquaintance who said "Oh dear" to everything.

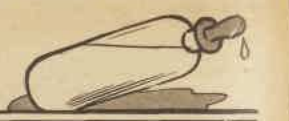
"She's only 14 months old and says it all the time—when she wakes up, when her food is placed before her, and in reply to anything that is said to her," I recounted.

"Yes," agreed the mother of three. "They get hold of one phrase at that age, and say it until you're sick and tired of it."

By the children's tea-time I had mastered the detached manner which is now apparently the first essential of behaving in the presence of the young.

I scarcely acknowledged them when they appeared in nighties and dressing-gowns for their toast and vegetable extract and milk. The baby was given a twice-oven-baked butterless rusk and a real old-fashioned bottle.

So they still use bottles!





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DO YOU REMEMBER?

By MARGOT NEVILLE

MAJOR DENIS REEVES alighted at Greenways lane and stood a moment while the bus started again and disappeared down the black ribbon of road between the high Kentish hedges.

On coming down to Greenways this morning he had a double purpose in mind: to lay the ghost of his dead marriage with Cynthia by visiting the blackened ruins of their house, and to call on his lawyer and arrange for the sale of the property.

It was more than likely that Jack Curtis would still be a buyer. Curtis had always fancied adding to his own grounds those two acres with the terraced garden going down to the willow-bordered stream. Though whether he would be put off by the one clause to the sale that Denis had in mind—well, lawyers and agents would have to worry that out between them.

He started up the sunken lane that led to Greenways. The smell of rotting leaves and moist undergrowth came to him sharply new, deeply remembered. It was four years since he had seen all this. He had only arrived back in England last week and had chosen today for this trip because it was the eighteenth of May, the anniversary of his wedding.

For four long years of war he had remembered that anniversary, but he hoped he might learn to forget it now, root it right out of his system, by seeing and assimilating the actual tangible proofs of ruin, the heaps of rubble and gaping walls. Nothing so final, so sordid as a house laid flat by enemy action.

The bomb had fallen on Greenways just after he and Cynthia had separated, a few days after he had left England. Friends had written about it, but not she. Their break had been too final for letters. All their business arrangements had been made through the lawyers — three years of happy marriage whittled down to Dear Sir and Dear Madam! But he knew she was still in London. Someone had seen her a few nights ago dancing and dining at a smart restaurant.

Between the flowering banks he walked along, the carpet of leaves muffling his footsteps. Emerald-green hop fields stretched away on either side; and over all the spring lay as sparklingly young and fresh as though it were the first one ever to visit this battle-scarred old earth.

But it brought no lift to Denis' spirits. Instead, it scored and underlined again the thought of the happiness he had once had here.

Although he knew the house didn't exist any more—knew it with his mind—somehow out there, whenever he had thought of home, there had still flashed before his inner eye the picture—obstinately real and present—of a white house with chalk-pink shutters, rooms with their modern mixture of luxury and simplicity, cool vistas opening on to lawn and garden.

He snapped off a twig of hawthorn and tossed it over the hedge. Pity to let bitterness take possession again, he told himself; but what a fetish Cynthia had made of Greenways! She had thought more of the place than of him.

The corner came before he expected it, and he closed his eyes for a moment to brace himself for the shock awaiting him.

Then he rounded the bend and opened his eyes again . . . stood and gazed . . . held his breath as he looked all round.

The shock he had expected never came. The ugliness, the sordidness, the cruelty of destruction simply weren't there. The suns and winds and rains had covered them with a cloak of beauty. The high garden wall was no more, and Denis stepped through the thicket to the place that had once held all his happiness.

There was nothing left—almost nothing—only scented grasses and tangled creepers marking the rectangular foundations of rooms, and another spring spreading its carpet of emerald moss and jewelled flowers over the dusty rubble of powdered brick. The blown seed from a bed of forget-me-nots had taken root in the once-entrance hall, a blue carpet underneath his feet.

A wave of delight swept over Denis—gratitude and wonder for this thing that had happened, for this beauty that had risen Phoenix-like from the ashes of its own funeral pyre. As he went forward to the very centre of his home a lark suddenly rose up from the buried hearth of the drawing-room, singing ecstatically into the sky.

Lighting a cigarette he strolled the length of the vanished room. How small a space the house seemed to have occupied, now that there were no walls to limit the eye. Here, where the entrance to the dining-room had been, there was the ghost of an archway covered with trails of woodbine. And the ghost of Cynthia, too, stood in that doorway, head on one side, considering some arrangement or other, endlessly considering.

But all the memories weren't like these. The past would have lost its power to hurt if it hadn't held joy as well as pain.

Just a few spans from here to the front door. You come to meet me here, Cynthia; and I'm carrying you, laughing, over the threshold, back from our honeymoon in France, still drunk with the happiness that is never going to end.

This was the foot of the stairs . . . and this their bedroom. Her dressing-table had stood just here . . . Cynthia brushing her hair . . . the light from the table lamp helping to burnish it as he lay and watched her.

"How wonderful your hair is—the way the waves overlap—like a bird's plumage."

She laughs. "What bird?"

"I don't know. What kind of bird is it that isn't red and isn't gold but is a bit of both? . . ."

In the silence a twig snapped.

He turned sharply. Cynthia was coming across the ruins toward him.

Almost disorientated by surprise, a giddiness took hold of Denis. Surely the ghosts were too real! This couldn't be she!

But it was. She was stepping over the once-rooms, walking swiftly—just as she used to walk—lovely as ever—loveller than ever.

A few paces away from him she stopped, and he couldn't fathom the expression in her eyes. Was she surprised to see him? As surprised as he, perhaps. He couldn't tell. He only managed to say:

"Well, Cynthia?"

And she spoke quite coolly:

"Hullo, Denis."

No more for a minute, but just their eyes resting on each other curiously.

Then the full implication of her coming down here to-day rushed in on him. The eighteenth of May, the anniversary of their wedding. She had remembered, too!

The thought kept him standing motionless, his heart racing.

She seemed to misunderstand his silence, for she said: "Did I surprise you?"

"Why, yes, you did rather. The grass has grown so thick . . . I didn't hear you coming." To break the spell, so as not to stand staring at her any longer, he waved a vague hand over the ruins. "This is a wholesale business."

"Isn't it?"

Side by side they walked over the buried foundations, he talking for the sake of talking, not what was really in his mind—that every nerve in his body was reacting to the nearness of her; that he still loved her, although for four years he'd been trying to teach himself that he didn't.

"The contrariness of things!" he said laughing. "Do you remember how you tried to get those lilies-of-the-valley to multiply?"

She smiled, too, her long eyes resting on the green spread of them.

"And those forget-me-nots" —he pointed to the blue carpet —"I'd forgotten we'd planted forget-me-nots."

"Yes, don't you remember? — someone brought us some prize seeds from Africa."

"Oh, yes, I remember. They look fine, don't they?"

She said in a minute, after another pause that he didn't know how to break: "I heard you were back in England, Denis."

"Did you?"

"Yes. Someone told me that you'd been made a major and got a decoration."

How casual she sounded, how uninterested! Yet surely if she had remembered this date and come down here to-day because of it? . .

"That's so," he answered. "Things do get round, don't they? Someone told me they saw you dancing in town the other night."

"Did they? Yes, so I was. Dancing is still one of my favorite pastimes."

"In the intervals of important national work, I suppose?" he said dryly.

"Something like that. You were wounded twice, I hear."

The words struck cold on his ear. "Wounded twice . . . I hear . . ." She might have been speaking to her ex-chauffeur.

"Yes," he said. "The last time it looked as though I might be going to save you the trouble of divorce."

"Oh, divorce isn't so troublesome now."

He looked at her in silence, in dismay. The point-blank question rose urgently to his lips and he took a step nearer. "Cynthia, why did you come down here to-day? Wasn't it because you remembered?"

"Remembered?"

"What is there for you here?" Denis demanded harshly.

"What day it was," he stammered. "The—the eighteenth of May."

"The eighteenth of May," she repeated slowly, breaking off a piece of white blossom and running it through her fingers. The words, like something tangible, seemed to fill the space between them as he waited. And then: "Why, so it is," she said.

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DANGER IN PARADISE

Concluding our exciting serial

By

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN



Iris didn't say much — you can't talk while you're being kissed.

HERNANDEZ looked at Lawton and Curly Ellis, both of whom had now completely recovered consciousness and were trying to struggle free of their bonds.

"Is fine," he said to me in a calmly conversational tone. "Is wonderful. Now everything will be settled at one time." He looked at me the way a hungry cat looks at a luscious mouse, and I didn't enjoy it.

I wasn't too elated over the presence of Hernandez' companion either. He looked as though he'd enjoy going to work on me again.

My one consoling thought was that Dan Crowley was on the way. But I was afraid that he'd be a long time arriving. Much too long. He had to get hold of Sonia first. The best I could hope to do was to play for time. So I started throwing questions at Hernandez. I said, "You're a smart boy, Pedro. How did you know I was here?"

That appeared to amuse him. He said, "Where you go all the time since the other night, we find out."

"You've had me watched, eh?"

"But certainly."

"You must have a key to this place."

"I have always a key. Ever since Miss Mary Bishop and I were friends."

I didn't care how pointless my questions were so long as Pedro bothered to answer them.

I nodded toward the prostrate figure of Curly Ellis. I said, "Have you met my friend?"

Hernandez stared at the lean face beneath the bald head. He said, "I never see him before. He is a policeman, no?"

"No."

"Then what does he do here?"

"He just came along for the ride."

"You are very funny, Senor Drake. But you notice I do not laugh."

I said, "This other gentleman: Howard Lawton. Surely you know him?"

Hernandez stared at Lawton. The latter squirmed. I said, "Your pal shoved me round a bit the other night. You were interested in a box of cigars. Lawton has them."

"So-o-o . . .?"

"Of course. He knew you were using Miss Randall to bring them in. He knew she'd give them to you the day after she arrived. So he hired an ex-convict named Claude Williams to steal them, for him."

This one did interest Hernandez. He said to Lawton, "You have the cigars?"

Lawton's head moved violently from side to side.

I said, "He's lying, Hernandez."

"Of course he is lying." He bent over and ripped the gag out of Lawton's mouth. He wasn't very gentle about it. He said, "You have what was in those cigars?"

Lawton said, "I haven't got them, Pedro. Honestly, I haven't. I don't know where the emeralds are, but I didn't get them."

Scared as I was, something clicked. I began to see daylight. Lawton hadn't been in Hernandez' confidence. Not all the way. Hernandez apparently had told Lawton that he wanted to smuggle some emeralds into the country, and that they were cleverly concealed in cigars. So when Lawton hired Claude Williams, it had been with the idea of stealing something that he could convert into cash.

I had to pretend that I believed what I was hearing. I didn't dare hint that I knew there had been no gems wrapped up in the El Corsario Invincibles.

The thing checked, however. I had wondered how a man as important as Hernandez could have dared to trust a comparative stranger. This gave me a different slant. He had told Lawton a lie. He had enlisted Lawton's aid as a remote accomplice in a smuggling job, and Lawton had double-crossed him.

Hernandez still had cigars on the brain. That was one thing in my favor. He couldn't decide whether or not Lawton had them. He was wasting a lot of time trying to find out. The man who had battered me round thought so, too. He said, "I don't believe you're going to get very far this way, Hernandez. I think we'd better be pulling out of here."

"Okay. And we will fix things so that they will not do much talking after we have gone."

Lawton started to protest. He didn't get very far because they gagged him again, not too kindly. Hernandez said, "My gun has a silencer."

I felt sickish. There wasn't much I could do about it. I'd probably make a play of some sort, but it wouldn't get me anywhere. Hernandez wasn't joking.

A lot of melancholy thoughts were buzzing round in my brain when I heard a key grate in the front door. The door opened and closed again.

A woman's voice called, "Jimmy!" Then I got properly scared. The voice belonged to Iris.

Iris and Crowley. Whether Sonia was with them I had no way of knowing. But this I did know: that they would be walking straight into two desperate men, at least one of whom had a gun.

Hernandez said something in Spanish. They both moved toward the foyer.

It wasn't much of a break. Just a momentary distraction. An instant when their attention wasn't focused on me. I acted instinctively. I had no feeling of being brave. I did it because anything seemed better than to let Iris step into this mess.

I dived at Hernandez' legs. Except for the brief diversion at the door, I wouldn't have had a chance. As it was, he whirled and fired. His gun didn't make any more noise than an air-rifle. I got him just below the knees and we both went down. I reached out for the hand that had the gun. We threshed round on the floor.

I heard other noises. I heard a woman scream. Then there was a shot and almost simultaneously another. Somebody landed on top of Hernandez. Somebody who was big and strong and had pink cheeks. It was Crowley. I didn't have time nor breath enough to say, "Much obliged."

I scrambled to my feet. Hernandez was sitting on the floor looking foolish, with handcuffs on.

Crowley was standing over him. Hernandez' stocky pal was sprawled out, and I didn't have to look twice to know that he was dead. It seemed that Crowley in action wasn't as gentle as he was socially.

The living-room was a grotesque sight. Lawton and Curly Ellis bound and gagged. The chunky lad dead. Hernandez sitting on the floor. Crowley placidly tucking his gun back into his shoulder holster. Iris and Sonia clinging to each other and looking terrified. Me, considerably the worse for wear. I sat down suddenly, because I realised that my knees wouldn't support me much longer. Now that things had finished happening, I was all in.

Iris came across the room and sat down on the arm of my chair. She said a few affectionate things which sounded wonderful. Crowley saw and heard. I hoped it didn't hit him too hard. I said awkwardly, "Nice work, Dan."

He smiled. He was still as calm as a glass of water. He said, "You're the one that did the job, Jimmy. It's been quite a party."

Then Dan wanted to know what had happened. I started at the beginning and told him what I remembered. I even told him my theory about the Lawton-Hernandez tie-up. I was apologetic for even having a theory and was pleased as punch when he agreed that I was probably right.

He introduced himself to Hernandez. Pedro didn't seem pleased with the idea of having fallen into the hands of the F.B.I.

Crowley remarked that he'd better call Max Gold. There were arrests to be made on charges that weren't Federal. They would want Howard Lawton, for instance, as an accessory to the murder of Al Brenner.

I said, "And while you're about it, Dan — you might as well do a thorough job."

He looked at me, waiting for me to go on.

I said, "I know who murdered Margie Brett and Wally Carrington."

Even Dan Crowley was surprised. He said, "Who was it?"

I said, "They were both killed by Mary Bishop."

I let that sink in. Crowley said, "Now if we could get hold of her . . ."

Please turn to page 23



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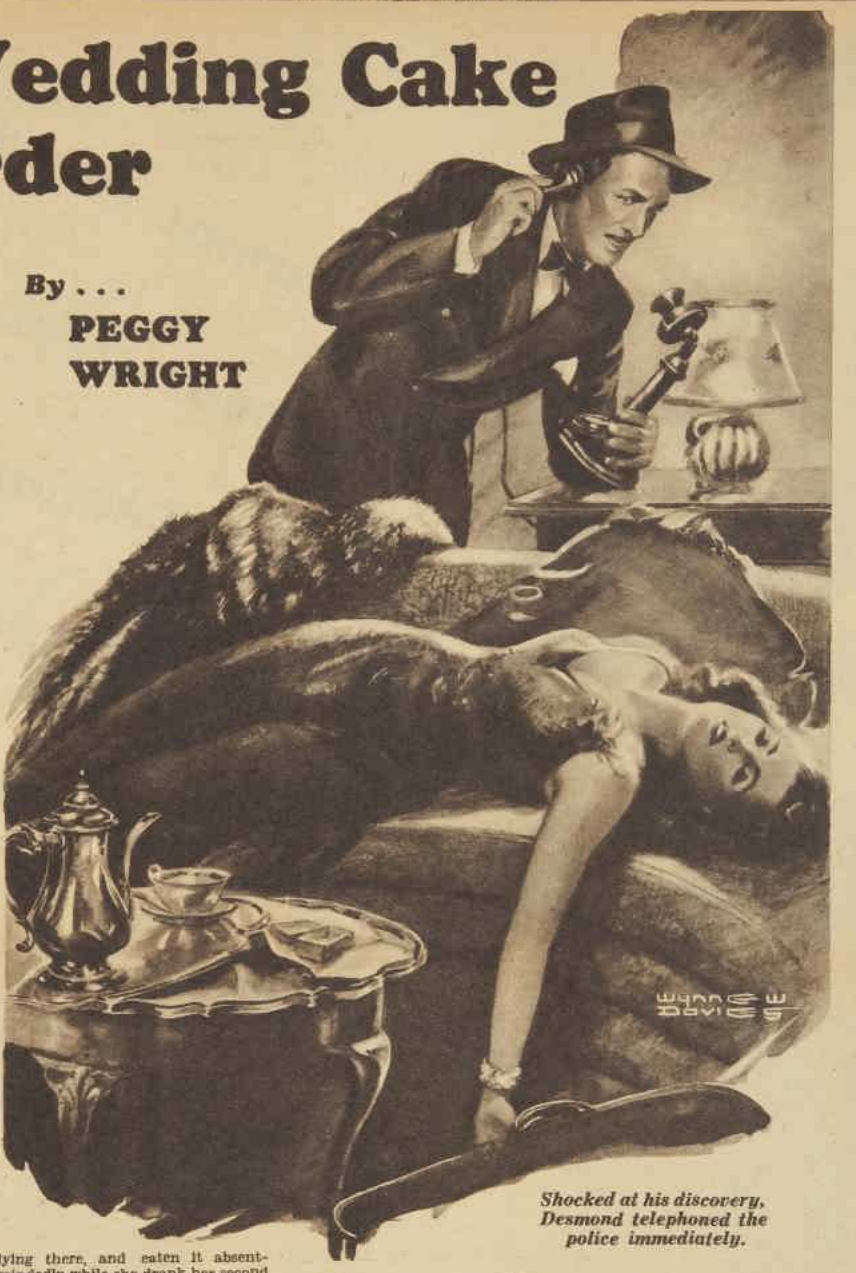
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The Wedding Cake Murder

A perfect crime except for one small oversight

By . . . PEGGY WRIGHT



Shocked at his discovery, Desmond telephoned the police immediately.

MY friend, the pianist Desmond Ashley, confided in me about a year after the murder of his sister, Linda, just before he went to America. He sat beside my fire, smoking, and went over the strange details with me.

I am setting out what he told me in case the facts may be needed some day; at present I cannot betray the trust he placed in me by making his story public.

Linda's body was found late one winter night lying on the living-room lounge of the modern, sound-proofed flat she shared with her brother. Her violin case lay on the floor, and on the occasional-table beside the body was a tiny white-and-silver box, lined with tin, containing crumbs of almond icing and wedding cake. There was a coffee-pot and a half empty cup of coffee on the table, and Linda's fur cape was draped across a divan. She was wearing the black lace dinner-gown she often used for her work as first violin with the city symphony orchestra.

Linda was an exceptionally good violinist, and I have always suspected that she was slightly bitter because she had never managed to reach soloist ranking. However, she had for years lived contentedly enough with her better-known brother, and had never shown any jealousy of his big reputation.

At the time of her death she was still a handsome woman, tall, dark, and with a graceful carriage. The papers gave her age as thirty. The uncharitable said that she henpecked her brother, but her admirers denied this indignantly.

Desmond told me he discovered Linda's body when he arrived home from a party some time after midnight. After the first shock he telephoned for a doctor and the police, and from then on he knew little peace until the nine days' wonder had died down, and he was ready to leave for his American tour.

The Press was told that Linda had died from strychnine poisoning, and that the poison had been contained in the icing of the cake.

Naturally, the detectives asked Desmond a lot of questions. He is not the type to bear interrogation patiently, and did not make a very good impression.

He told them that the morsel of cake had arrived on the morning of Linda's death. The address on the package was printed, and the postal marking was Monteith. Linda and he had been guests at a wedding in that suburb a fortnight earlier, when one of her friends, Jeanette Davis, who was a violin teacher, had married James Southey.

Desmond said that Southey, who was a bank manager, had once been friendly with Linda, but he didn't know how deep the friendship had been. His private opinion was that Southey would have married Linda if she had wanted marriage, but that she was too satisfied with her own way of life to agree. Anyway, Southey's visits had stopped suddenly several months earlier. Later he had heard of his engagement to Linda's friend, and they had both been invited to the wedding.

He remembered that Linda had been rather surprised at Jeanette posting cake to the guests when wartime difficulties had made suitable tins hard to get, and he had teased her, pointing out the advantages of sleeping with the slice of cake under her pillow. But she had only laughed, and placed the parcel on a small cedar table.

Desmond didn't see the package again until after the murder. He told the police that usually Linda ate no supper after a concert, except an occasional biscuit, but made herself coffee every night. Apparently she had seen the fragment of cake lying there, and eaten it absent-mindedly while she drank her second cup.

He seemed irritated by the persistent probing for his opinions about motive.

"I told them," he said, "that James, who's just a pleasant sort of vegetable, wouldn't have enough spirit for murder, and that Jeanette was certainly capable of being a spiteful little cat, but she'd only a second-rate brain, and was incapable of conceiving anything so clever.

"Anyway, she'd got her man, so she really hadn't any motive."

It wasn't long before the police were satisfied that the Southey couple had nothing to do with the case. But it wasn't as easy as that to brush them off. They tried to enlist his aid in their investigations by asking him to keep his eyes open and report immediately anything that might have a bearing on the crime.

I could understand, listening to Desmond's account of the affair, how the idea got about that he was being extraordinarily callous about Linda's death. There were even a few whispers that threw suspicion on his own connection with the crime. The only reason that all the gossip didn't seriously cripple his career was that not even his worst enemies could suggest why Desmond should desire his sister's death.

It seemed, indeed, that he had everything to lose by it, for Linda was known as an excellent housekeeper and a good companion, who bore Desmond's strange moods in a rare spirit of patience and sympathy. It had always been understood that Desmond had remained single because Linda made a bachelor life so pleasant for him.

Now I have known Desmond very well for years, and I discovered long ago that the sardonic, man-of-the-world air he adopts is merely a cover for an unusually nervous and sensitive nature, and I believed that Linda's death had been a very real shock to him. In spite of his rather hostile attitude to the police, he told me that he was always on the look-out for a clue that might lead to the solution of the mystery.

But months went by, and the newspapers began dropping the subject to concentrate on newer stories, and hope of a solution faded.

The most thorough check-up had revealed no dark secrets in Linda's life. Her devotion to her brother and her own work seemed to be her two chief interests.

Meanwhile Desmond was becoming more and more depressed. He had engaged a housekeeper, but she didn't attend to all his little likes and dislikes as Linda had, and the rather vulgar publicity was annoying him.

"I felt like something in a waxworks," he said, "with everyone staring to see if I looked like a murderer, and my friends being just a little too hearty and cordial, and generously giving me the benefit of the doubt. After a while Estella was the only person with whom I could feel at ease."

I had noticed that Desmond was paying a good deal of attention to Estella Hume. For years she had been the only woman with whom he had cared to spend much time. Sometimes I had thought that he would marry Estella, and I'm sure she thought so, too. At least, she had been hoping so for a long time. But apparently Desmond was settled in a comfortable groove, and it seemed as if he would never come out of it.

After Linda's death I had expected that Estella would sooner or later be asked to fill the gap in his life, and I had been surprised when he told me about the American tour, and made no mention of taking Estella with him.

Now he explained why he was going to America alone.

"I had almost decided that I could be happy with Estella," he said. "You know, she'd been a real brick to me after Linda's death. I wasn't really in love with her, you understand, but I was very fond of her.

"Well, one Sunday afternoon I set off to see Estella, with my mind half made up to ask her how she felt about it. Somehow we got round to talking of Linda, and I happened to mention the care taken by the murderer to escape detection—the use of a type of tin which could once be bought anywhere, the printed address done with the left hand, the postal marking, and the complete absence of fingerprints on the tin and the inside wrappings, although the outer covering, of course, had prints after handling by the postal authorities.

"Estella agreed with me. Then, as she was pouring my tea, she said something that sent a chill down my spine.

"'It amazes me how much trouble was taken to produce that piece of cake,' she said. 'It had the right sort of icing for a wedding cake—even the silver cachous.'"

"It was then that I told her I was already late for an appointment, and said good-bye. She seemed surprised at my leaving so soon, and I think she was disappointed. I haven't seen her since. The next day I signed the contract for my American tour."

Desmond lit another cigarette and leaned forward in his chair.

"You see," he said slowly, "although most details of the business were given a great deal of publicity, no mention was made of the cake being decorated with silver cachous. I examined the tin very carefully at the time. If there were ever any cachous on the cake, Linda must have swallowed them. Certainly none were found after her death.

"Estella couldn't have known there were silver cachous on that cake unless—well, unless she packed the tin herself."

Desmond has gone abroad now, and I am leaving this report with my bank, as he asked, in case one day it may prove of value. I am recording Desmond's theory that Estella murdered his sister because she hoped that, with Linda out of the way, she would at last have her chance to marry Desmond.

I also record a fact that Desmond did not ask me to put down. Because of the great pleasure his music and his company have so often given me, because I have a queer sympathy with his plight, and also because I can prove nothing, I cannot bring myself to take the matter any further.

As a former court reporter I'm still pretty friendly with the police, and the chap in charge of the investigation is an old pal of mine. He has the habit of discussing difficult cases with me. That's how I happen to know that Desmond's story about Estella is pure fiction. He must have been feeling panicky when he invented it, because in the telling he has been hoist with his own petard.

I am sure, although I will not try to convince anyone else unless it becomes necessary to protect an innocent life, that Desmond Ashley plotted his sister's murder because she had skilfully, and over a period of years, maliciously killed all his chances of a normal life by keeping any woman who attracted him at arm's length, and using hysteria as a weapon whenever he showed signs of rebellion. I think Desmond's nervous temperament could stand the strain no longer, and he overstepped the thin borderline that divides genius from insanity.

This is only my theory, of course. But I knew Linda almost as well as I know Desmond.

My theory is based on the fact that my detective pal had already told me that handwriting experts considered the address on the parcel had been printed with the left hand for complete disguise, although the letters appeared to the ordinary observer to be written straight up and down.

He also told me that he had given orders that no one outside the force was to be told of the fact—not even the victim's brother.

He said he felt that the police ought to keep part of the evidence up their sleeves. It might be useful when confronting a suspect one day if they could ever find anyone with a reasonable motive for the murder.

Desmond couldn't have known that the printing was done with the left hand, unless he wrote that address himself.

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Cannot shrink

Cannot stretch

Cannot fade

Easy to wash

Easier to dry

Easiest to iron

The three foremost frock manufacturers in Australia are creating styles from Grafton Anti-Shrink and their models are featured in all stores. You'll see them individually labelled as

"Commander"
"Rosecroft"
and **"Lamour"**

All stores feature them, although they might not be showing in all stores at the same time, as shipments from England of Grafton Anti-Shrink are still delayed from month to month.

Grafton Anti-Shrink can also be purchased by the yard or in children's frocks made by "Mafaine".

Grafton

ANTI-SHRINK

Registered Trade Mark Nos. [illegible]

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M.P.s WE ALWAYS GOT

By PHIL MAGEE

CLINGING to the side of the swaying truck, the little man marvelled at Tony's tenacity and Big John's singleness of purpose. With reluctant admiration he listened to the talk that even their present perilous position had failed to interrupt.

Scowling at the driver, Tony braced his broad bulk against the tailgate. "And what does the Old Man tell us when we leave the States, Sully?" he complained. "'Bygones is bygones,' he says."

"Yah," Big John cut in, his six-foot-four-inch frame quivering with indignation.

"And then we catch a four-hour pass, and what happens?" Tony demanded.

"What's the matter with him, Sully?" Big John asked bitterly. "Ain't he got no confidence? We're guys who always mind our own business. Or anyway, almost always. How could we get in trouble? There ain't no cops in Naples."

Tony brushed John's minor plaint aside. "M.P.s we always got," he said. "That ain't the point. We're the finest guys in the finest outfit he ever commands, he says. He pins the badges on us himself. He hands us the passes. And then what does he do? He mounts the soapbox."

The driver surpassed himself. Taking a curve on two wheels, he threw Sully to his knees, and caused John and Tony to forget the Colonel's inconsistency.

The driver stopped in a tiny square. "I'll be back at eleven," he growled. "Be here, or else."

Tony and John debated the efficacy of a small bop on the noggin to ensure against forgetfulness, but Sully shook his head. "Let's go," he said.

Lights shone dully from a few doorways, but no sound of merriment reached the street. It was dull and raining. "We'll kick up something," Sully said quickly, hoping to divert them from a return to the wailing wall.

It was a vain hope.

"So this is the dump the Old Man's worrying about," Tony said.

"Yah," Big John grumbled. "As if anything could happen in this crummy deadfall."

"Skip it," the little man snapped. "I'm not going to spend my first pass on foreign soil listening to you two beat your gums."

Though sympathising with their attitude, he recognised its weakness. The colonel had promised to forget the past. But it would take a lot of forgetting. Allergic to card sharks, dishonest publicans, loud-mouthed members of other services, and over-zealous police officers, they'd given the Old Man much to remember. And yet the colonel's admonition had been more a plea than a warning.

"Let's get this straight," Sully said. "The outfit flies the Combat Infantry Battalion Streamer in honor of the fact that sixty-five per cent. of the boys have been awarded the Combat Infantryman's Badge, for exemplary conduct in action against the enemy. It's the high spot in the Old Man's career."

"Yah, Sully, but—"

"If we fall below that percentage, the battalion forfeits the streamer," Sully interrupted. "And any man who becomes incapacitated for duty, through his own misconduct, loses his badge."

"Who's gonna incapacitate us?" Tony demanded.

Surely the Old Man should have known that nothing could induce them to risk the loss of their badges. How could they get in any trouble? Pockets full of what the finance officer had insisted was money, they wouldn't recognise a local swindle if it sneaked up and bit them. They couldn't gamble, they didn't know the native games. There were no cops, and they expected nothing but the wine of the country.

A combat streamer signifying that sixty-five per cent. of the command had been cited for exemplary conduct in action was something to be proud of, but the Colonel didn't have to—

"There's a place, Sully," Big John said eagerly.

They hurried forward and heard music.

"Sounds like they're killing a pig," Big John said.

"Let's go," the little man said.

Stopping below the second-floor window of a building, they looked up hopefully. "I suppose this dump is crowded, too," Tony growled.

In answer to his question a man's head and shoulders appeared in the window. "Ah," he greeted, "Americanos! Come up, my friends."

The little man sighed with relief. "You see?" he rebuked them.

"Let's shake it up," Big John suggested. "There's more guys coming." They moved quickly toward the door.

A HARSH voice calling, "Hey, you guys!" stopped them short.

Turning, they watched three uniformed men approach. Tony was the first to see the armbands. "Humph," he grunted. "M.P.s."

Sully's eyes narrowed. What now? "You wanted something?" he inquired.

"Yes," an M.P. said. "You guys looking for trouble?"

"Are you making us an offer?" the little man asked. "Or may we consider your question in the nature of a generality?"

"Never mind the lip, Shorty," the M.P. said. "That's Luigi's place. Just stay out of it."

Sully stared at the M.P. who had spoken. "Has this place been posted as 'Off-Limits'?" he asked.

"Not yet," the M.P. admitted. "But there's a lot of funny stuff going on up there."

"Then you are without authority to forbid us entrance?" Sully persisted.

"Listen, wise guy," the M.P. said; "we're trying to do you a favor."

Gallantly resisting temptation, Sully fingered his badge. "You are, by your own admission, without authority," he said. "But we are kindly souls. We take no offence at your manner. So, if you'll excuse us?"

The M.P. stiffened. "Okay, smart guy," he fumed. "We make this corner every half-hour, and if we get an excuse to knock Luigi's over, I hope you're in there."

"The crust of them monkeys," Big John muttered, as they moved inside the building.

Tony said, "M.P.s we always got."

The man who'd greeted them from the window stood at the top of a steep flight of stairs. "Come up, my friends," he invited.

Remembering the cause of much of their past misfortune, Sully whispered to John, "Italian girls can probably tell a tale as heart-breaking as the stuff you used to go for."

"And just as phony," Tony added.

"Why, fellers," Big John said, "you know me."

"That's what Sully's talking about," Tony snapped. "Let's go."

"I am Luigi," their host volunteered. He ushered them into a large room. "There are my friends," he said.

Eleven men occupied the room's three tables. Six played cards, while the others divided their attention between the players and a girl who strummed a mandolin.

"Sometimes soldiers come to my house," Luigi said, "soldiers who have no sympathy with my countrymen. My friends have little left but honor. There has been trouble," he acknowledged. "I am in bad repute with your military police."

"Who ain't?" Big John demanded.

"You are most generous," Luigi said. He led the way to a smaller room with a single table near the window from which he'd hailed them. "You will have wine?" he asked.

Sully nodded, and Luigi left them. Passing through the main room he spoke rapidly in his native tongue.

Tony frowned thoughtfully. "My old man quit talking Italian when I was a kid," he said, "but I still remember a couple of words, and I just heard one of them."

Sully raised his brows.

"There ain't any exact translation," Tony scowled. "The nearest thing is 'suckers.'"

The little man smiled. "It's really all in the viewpoint," he said.

"For a nice-talking guy, he's got some rugged-looking friends," Big John cut in. "Look at those two blubbers in the corner, Sully."

Bearing a pitcher and cups, Luigi hurried to them. "It is a bitter thing when a patriot must charge the liberators of his country for wine," he said. "But the Boche leaves little in his path, and we are very poor."

Quickly they reached for the bills in their pockets.

"I am ashamed," Luigi said, but his eyes widened at the display, and he gave no change.

Relaxing, Sully lighted a cigarette. Music, wine of a sort, and peace. And peace was a nice thing after the struggle at Giusto.

Trouble? In a place like this? "A lot of funny stuff," the M.P. had said. But weren't M.P.s always running off at the chin?

Their host returned, another pitcher in his hand. In obvious disappointment he glanced at their still filled cups. "You do not care for the wine?" he asked.

"We're very light drinkers," Sully said, tossing a bill on the table. "But put it down, we'll get to it."

With many thanks, Luigi pocketed the note, but as before he made no offer of change.

Sully's brows raised slightly.

Luigi's hands spread wide. "It is the war," he explained.

"What gives, Sully?" Tony demanded, suspicion in his tone.

"Nothing," Sully said hurriedly, "nothing at all. Thank you, Luigi." Suppose their host did have his thumb on the scales? Would they risk a battalion's Combat Streamer for a few funny-looking soap wrappers?

"You are very kind," Luigi said. "Perhaps you'd like Maria to come and sing for you?"

"How about it, Sully?" Big John broke in eagerly. "Couldn't we?"

"We can hear her very nicely from here," the little man interrupted.

When Luigi left they both looked at John.

"Aw, fellers," Big John pleaded, "I was just thinking. I—"

"Sully'll do the thinking," Tony barked. "What do you want to do? Incapacitate yourself?"

The little man tilted his chair back against the window. He turned his head as footsteps sounded in the street below. "The M.P.s," he said. "And right on time," he added, glancing at his watch.

"Never saw an M.P. that didn't have his nose in everybody's business but his own," Tony scoffed.

Big John reached for the wine. "Let's shower 'em with this ulcer paint and see what happens. We can be out the window before they make the stairs."

"When one becomes a man, one puts away childish things," Sully snapped, though privately he acknowledged considerable merit in John's suggestion.

Chairs scraped in the main room as three men drew back from the card table. Luigi stood in the doorway. "There are vacant seats at the gaming table," he announced. "You would care to play?"

"Play what?" Tony asked.

"Sette e mezzo," Luigi said, "seven-and-a-half, very like your American blackjack."

"Blackjack," Big John enthused. "Why, that's right up our——"

"Thanks," the little man said, "but we're strictly poker players. Nice try, though," he conceded.

Luigi smiled thinly. "As you wish," he said. Turning, he spoke rapidly, and the card players resumed their places.

"Kind of worried about us, ain't he?" Tony questioned.

"He just doesn't understand our desire for a quiet evening," Sully said.

Please turn to page 19

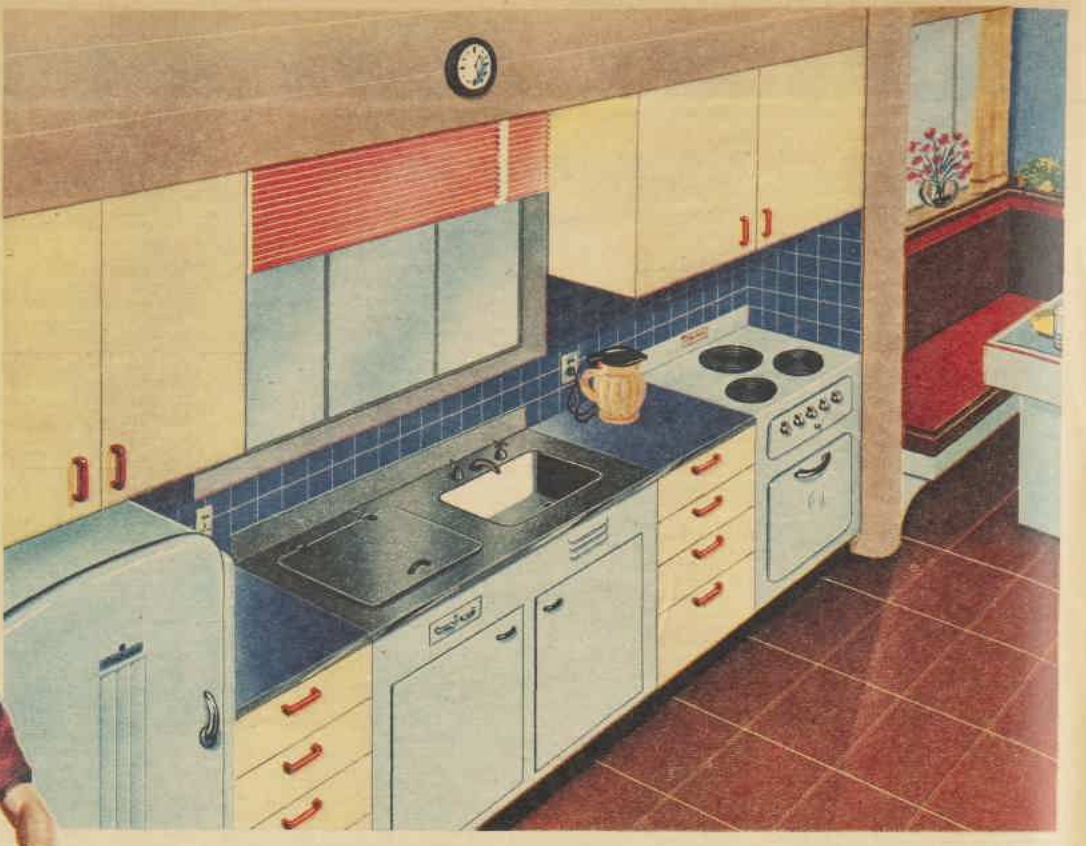


"Listen, wise guy," the M.P. said. "We're trying to do you a favor."



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Planning a Small Home?





here is a compact "all-on-one-wall" kitchen

If you have to limit the size of your new home because of restrictions, increased building costs or for other reasons, it is doubly important that careful attention be given to room planning—and particularly to the kitchen. Whilst large, roomy kitchens have many advantages, you can do wonders with a smaller one by planned arrangement and the use of correct appliances.

The kitchen illustrated above is only 13 feet long by 5 feet wide, yet it includes a Hotpoint refrigerator, a Hotpoint combination dishwasher and sink, a Hotpoint electric range, and ample working surface and cupboard spaces. Note particularly the arrangement of these units: sink between refrigerator and range, with refrigerator close to the trades entrance and range handy to dining alcove; working spaces beside all units, with a food preparation centre next to the refrigerator; food and utensils stored nearest the place they are used.

Another important factor is the provision of sufficient power points—at least two for this size kitchen. They will enable you to make full use of the smaller Hotpoint appliances—electric jug, toaster, iron, coffee percolator and food mixer. These smaller "kitchen assistants" help greatly to reduce kitchen work to a minimum, and when full supplies are available again you can add them step by step until you have a completely equipped all-electric kitchen.

Plan an All Electric Laundry too!



The average laundry is in most cases the "cinderella" room of the house; yet there is no reason at all why it should not be as spick and span and as efficient as your kitchen. A Hotpoint electric washing machine with its electric wringer takes all the work from washing and gives you like-new cleanliness; with an electric ironer you can sit comfortably and direct your ironing absolutely without effort. Add portable baskets for soiled and dried clothes, and cupboards for soap, starch and other cleaning materials, and you have the perfect laundry.

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Berlin exists bitterly among its ruins . . .

Resentful people believe theirs is the worst plight in Europe

Radioed by our Editor, ALICE JACKSON

I am writing this in Berlin, within sight of the Reichstag, where Nazidom began, and the Chancellery, where it finished.

There is little to choose between these once-proud buildings now. Both are in ruins—scrawled from ground to last tottering column with names and comments in Russian.



RUINS OF REICHSTAG, once the stronghold of Nazism.

IVAN IVANOFF has scratched and chalked his autograph — doubtless also his blistering viewpoint — on every available surface, even high up on sections of shattered ceiling.

A Soviet girl policeman, spending her off-duty hours sightseeing, appeared much amused by this unique wall newspaper.

What distinguishes the Reichstag, marking it out as more repulsive than the Chancellery, is the ghastly black market which flourishes day and night round it.

When our party visited it yesterday about 7 p.m. a crowd of several hundred people were engaged in buying and selling all sorts of wares —dresses, cameras, watches, opera-glasses.

Prices were sky-high. A Russian was buying a 10/- alarm clock for £90.

One New York soldier, who evidently knew the place well, explained this: "It's this way. You think the soldier's being cheated, but he ain't.

"Ain't nobody can outsmart a Russian. He's got lots of dough, see, and when he goes back home he'll sell that clock for twenty times what it cost.

"Any Russian guy who can buy himself six watches can practically retire when he trades them back home."



ALICE JACKSON, our editor, who is touring Germany.

Famous hotel

THE black-marketeer does not always demand money. He usually prefers cigarettes, clothes, soap, chocolate, or food.

We were offered a diamond ring for a pound of fat. Our driver was offered one for 500 cigarettes.

A short distance away the world-famous Adlon Hotel has one small section still standing.

A former bedroom suite is used as a cafe. The gilt chairs at small dining-tables strike a strange note of luxury.

One of Europe's best-known waiters, Hagelmoser, is still working at the Adlon.

He told us: "For 25 years I have served the world's most famous people. I never thought the Adlon would go.

"It had fireproof rooms, but the Russians poured petrol over them. Only this little area stood up because it was protected by the staircase.

"Don't think, Madam, we always used plain blue Delft china on these tables. It is only because our good china has all been destroyed."

Going over to the window, he said: "Those walls over there, Madam, you see in the film, 'Berlin,' which the Russians have just made. The walls are all that is left of the former home of Goebbels.

"Those tombstones in the back-yard mark the graves of some of his staff killed during the raids. But for Goebbels there is no tomb.

"Just over there his body was burned and the ashes scattered. His wife and children, too, though some believe they are in Switzerland."

German bootblacks have set up a stand in the ruins of the Reich Chancellery.

Their enterprise deserves a greater reward than they receive.

After touring the dreadfully dirty, smelly ruins of the Chancellery shoes badly need cleaning.

But whatever track feet take away from it leads through more ruins, so few worry about running repairs.

In spite of their persistence, there was no custom from us nor from the few Soviet soldiers, Chinese journalists, and a few civilians, evidently over for a look-see from the Big Three meeting in the "forbidden city," Potsdam.

After stepping over the first rubbish-heaps at the portals and walking past fifty walls still standing we climbed crazy stairways to blasted rooms littered with broken office furniture, papers, cinefilm, kapok, and miscellaneous trash.

Souvenir-minded visitors wandering in the shambles of Hitler's conference room have been attracted by the broken marble slabs of his huge conference desk.

Bits and pieces chipped from this will certainly find their way into remote outposts of the U.S.S.R. and many other countries.

In the yard a solitary Soviet soldier was on duty at the air-raid shelter where Hitler and Eva Braun spent their last hours in Berlin and almost certainly their last hours on earth.

The soldier pointed to a shallow trench in the sand—about 10 feet long and a foot deep — the spot where it is believed their bodies were burnt.

He pointed also to three empty petrol-tins nearby. This Soviet soldier had no doubts about the fate of Hitler and Eva Braun.

No other demolished German city I have seen was so deeply gloomy, so bitterly depressed as Berlin.

We spent the afternoon talking with women in a working-class suburb. Our interpreter was Erica Haussler, secretary-interpreter to the war correspondents' mess.

Erica's husband is interned in South Australia. Before the war they spent fourteen years in Persia, where he was first interned, and Erica returned to Germany.

New ration cards had just been issued, and we stopped at the first little shop where women were waiting to buy soap.

They said this was their first ration since April. The monthly allowance is one small bar of soap and one packet of soap powder.

They gathered round one woman who was typical—Erna Walenciak, who lives with her parents because she was bombed out.

She works for the local council for the usual wage of fourpence an hour, with a ration on a lighter scale than for a heavy worker, allowing seven grammes of fat, 300 of bread, and 20 of meat per week.



WATER SUPPLY is not yet restored in Berlin. Housewives fill buckets at a small pump, one woman washing her clothes in a pail in the street.

She has a young daughter who gets 20 grammes of fat, 20 of meat, 300 of bread. About 150 grammes equal one pound.

Only children under two get milk —a quarter-litre daily (less than two cups).

The women said they were getting the first potatoes in four months. Often they could not get their meat ration.

Starving people

ALL said they had neither breakfasted nor dined and expected only dried bread for their evening meal.

They also said their children were developing malnutrition diseases, dysentery was widespread, and babies had no chance of surviving the winter. They thought they were getting worse treatment than anyone else in Germany.

We pointed out Berlin's special difficulties, its immense size, and its transport problems. Also the fact that the Allies must distribute food to the long-starving people of Greece, Yugoslavia, Holland, and other formerly German-occupied countries.

This was a waste of time.

"What do they say?" I asked Erica. "They don't believe it," she replied.

Similar ignorance or disbelief met us whenever we tried to tell the truth. A protest is never heard about concentration camps, or other Nazi atrocities.

Apparently there is no sense of war guilt. Germans either cannot or will not see the straight line between cause and effect.

Elsewhere officials of the Military Government assured us people were co-operative, resigned, unresentful, even cheerful, but these Berliners undoubtedly are bitter, nursing grievances obsessed with their own desolation.

From the poorer quarter we went along the Kurfurstendamm, pre-war luxury shopping street.

Among the very few shops open the most interesting was "Aphrodite," a corsetiere's, with lingerie, fine laces, and art jewellery.

Practically all the stock has been bought at ten times the usual price by Russian officers. Its business now is repairing corsets and brassieres.

The proprietor showed many examples of clever improvising and remaking. Bed-ticking and linen curtains were fashioned into excellent corsets, fastenings had been salvaged from worn-out garments, but there was no elastic.

This evening we visited Berlin's brightest spot — the night-club "Femina."

All cafes are out of bounds to British soldiers for health reasons, fluids being suspected of spreading dysentery.

We were conducted here as on all our Berlin tour by Capt. J. L. Vosper, Public Relations Officer with the 21st Army Group, after six years in the Royal Artillery.

Russians, Americans, French, and a couple of German girls were at each table. Admission is 1/6.

The floor show, compered in English, Russian and French, featured tap and tango solo dancing, of about high-school break-up standard, archly presented — "Now you will see a nice girl. Open your eyes, boys," with an audible Yankee interpolation. "Got 'em open, sister."

The "nice girl" advances, clad in a long, slit-skirted black lace dress and brassiere top, which was the only even faintly indecorous dress worn.

The exception in a generally dull performance was a Polish dancing team of one girl and two men in beautiful national costumes doing spirited Russian dances and drawing a storm of applause accompanied by Russians in the audience clapping in time.

Obviously many male visitors to "Femina" find there a brief escape from the inconceivable dreariness of life in Berlin.

Nowhere else in a thousand miles of driving through Germany have I seen any evidence of the much publicised fraternizing.

Beneath a carefully glamorised surface "Femina" provides opportunities for the shoddiest types of "fraternisation."



A SIGHT to be seen in no other European capital. Two women take a coffin across the city.

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Editorial

AUGUST 18, 1945

MANKIND'S NEW POWER

AS the dust raised by the world's first atomic bomb cleared away, all thinking men stopped to wonder what this vast new power would mean in the destiny of mankind.

Plainly, its destructive power is awe-inspiring and scientists believe its constructive uses will prove equally vast.

"This revelation . . . should arouse the most solemn reflections in the minds and consciences of every human being capable of comprehension" — that was Mr. Churchill's warning.

The most important word in that sentence is "conscience."

Man has evolved from primeval slime to a thinking, conscious being who must take responsibility for his own actions.

During the last half century it has often seemed that he has developed his intelligence at the expense of what we call his conscience.

Even before his latest discovery he had achieved tremendous power over the universe, and created machines of fantastic complexity.

But he had not subdued the greed within himself nor had he fostered sufficiently his impulses for good.

And so every new power his sharpening intelligence produced has been as much a danger as a benefit to his existence.

The latest one is so vast that it seems likely to provide the decisive test of man's will and ability to organise his own creations for good only.

If he fails this time he will undoubtedly destroy his own civilisation and possibly the human race and the world on which it dwells.



AUSTRALIAN NURSES, first to arrive at Balikpapan, disembark from the hospital ship Wanganella. They will be on duty at a casualty clearing station. —Australian Official Photo.

COMMONWEALTH COMMUNIQUE

Loud or soft First Australian-made electric alarm clocks have adjustable tone hum to cater for heavy and light sleepers. Victorian firm will be producing 1000 per week of them by end of August. Will sell at about 47/6.

Special coupons Discharged servicemen setting up home for first time may apply for special coupons to Rationing Commission. They must take along marriage certificate and note from landlord or agent as evidence of lease or purchase. If the serviceman and wife are sharing a home with relatives the latter supply the note.

Oats for breakfast A South Australian firm has marketed a substitute for rolled oats, which has helped relieve the shortage in that State and Western Australia. Some Canadian oats have now reached Australia.

Lino. still short Furnishing firms say it will be 12 months before linoleum position improves. England's export, limited to 5 per cent., goes to South Africa and New Zealand. The only Australian factory can't cope with present demand.

More eggs now Young pullets start to lay this month, so eggs are in better supply from now till next February. Priority scheme ended last month. Housewives should preserve eggs in October and November against next off-season.

Canned apples Apple-canning is now an important Tasmanian industry. The Tamar Valley Co-operative Cannery, established six years ago, is now producing ten times its original output. Only 20 per cent. has been available for civilian consumption, but there will be plenty after war.

Better bathrooms Improvements for bathrooms to be marketed in America after war include a compact electric washing-machine installed under basin for laundering underwear and baby clothes, rubber-tiled floor, and electric heater and sunlamp built in to ceiling.

Toes may show Relaxation of ban on manufacture of formal sandal shoes, toe-peepers, heelless and two-tone shoes is being considered by Controller of Footwear.

Glass louvers More use is likely to be made of glass louvers instead of windows for postwar homes. They have proved very satisfactory for light and ventilation in defence plants. Factories in Queensland and N.S.W. are making them. They are inexpensive to install.

Island farms On King Island, in Bass Strait, the Tasmanian Government plans 140 dairy farms for ex-servicemen. It has submitted to Commonwealth scheme for acquisition of 40,000 acres of undeveloped land. Island is windy and fairly wet, and timber is scarce, but Tasmanian Forestry Department will plant forest and shelter belts. Project was worked out by experts of Council for Scientific and Industrial Research.

Wool upholstery Delicate sage-green face-cloth for motor-car upholstery is included in display by Australian Wool Board. It is mothproof and waterproof, looks soft and luxurious. Scientists say wool is hardest-wearing of all materials.

Steel window-frames By end of August several thousand steel window-frames per month will be produced at a former munitions factory at Portland, N.S.W. They will help domestic building programme as timber for frames is practically unobtainable. Since steel rusts in houses near the sea, bronze frames will be made for future seaside dwellers.

Synthetic silks Merchants say there will be little real silk after the war. In recent years the Japanese reduced their mulberry trees. Remainder may be destroyed by bombing. Synthetic silk is improving so much it is hard to tell from real thing. Real silk is safest for parachutes though, and Australia fortunately had big pre-war stocks for these.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep.*

Interesting People

PROFESSOR FRITZ HART

. . . musical anniversary

FORMER Director of Melbourne Conservatorium, Professor Fritz Hart, is revisiting Australia for Conservatorium's 50th Anniversary Festival celebrations. Will conduct concerts, presenting some of his own compositions. Since 1937 has been Professor of Music at Honolulu University and conductor of Honolulu Bach Choir. Says music in great demand in Hawaii. Considers Australia well to forefront in artistic activities, and Australians proving their ability in all branches of art. Recalls that it was during his term at Melbourne Conservatorium that Dame Nellie Melba taught there. An Englishman, Professor Hart received his musical education at Royal College of Music, London.



MISS G. WILLIAMS

. . . scholarship winner

MELBOURNE nurse Miss Gwenyth Williams is first winner of Centaur War Nurses' Memorial Trust Scholarship, founded in memory of the eleven nursing sisters lost in sinking of hospital ship Centaur in 1943. Will do two years' nursing diploma course at King's College, University of London, with option of third year's study. When she returns to Victoria, nursing profession will benefit from her training and experience. Formerly tutor sister at Epworth Hospital, Melbourne, she is also trainee of hospital.



MR. S. W. HEDGER

. . . service to blind

CHIEF executive officer, Royal Victorian Institute for the Blind, Mr. S. W. Hedger has devoted 25 years' service to the blind as superintendent and secretary to the institute. Received early training at N.S.W. Blind Institute, and has visited every leading institute in Great Britain, Europe, U.S.A., and Canada to study methods. In 1941 was appointed by Government as technical expert on committee dealing with welfare work for blinded servicemen of this war. Has established many welfare activities at Victorian Institute, including higher education for the blind, first nursery and pre-school centre for blind babies in Southern Hemisphere, and increased factory output. His money-raising methods have vastly increased annual revenue of institute. Served in last war. Received O.B.E. in 1938, and holds two distinguished citizenship medals.



YOUR COUPONS

Coupons now available are:—
TEA: 1 to 12 (1 to 4 will expire on August 20).
SUGAR: 1 to 6 (good till October 21).
BUTTER: 7 to 9 (till August 20).
MEAT: 15 to 21 (till August 20).
CLOTHES: B57-112, Y1-96.

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QUEEN'S COUSIN WEDS. Interested onlookers lined the path as the Queen's cousin, formerly Margaret Ann Bowes-Lyon, a V.A.D. nurse, left Westminster Abbey with her husband, Lieut.-Col. Arthur D'Abreu, a surgeon in the R.A.M.C.



ENGAGEMENT PARTY. Nancy Glasheen (left), Yvonne Allan, Joy Allan, Margot McNiven, and Mrs. John Nagle lunch at Prince's to celebrate Joy's engagement with Flying-Officer Phillip Malouf, R.A.A.F.

On and Off Duty.

CABLED news from overseas from our editor, Mrs. Alice Jackson, tells us that only R.A.A.F. squadron in Europe at present time is No. 464, stationed at Melsbroek, under Wing-Commander Noel Vincent, of Cassilis, who before the war was one of Sydney's most popular men about town.

Squadron specialised in pinpoint bombing and has long list of successful sorties to its credit, taking part in attacks on the beachheads of France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany.

Mrs. Jackson says that every State in the Commonwealth is represented by ninety-five men who compose air crew and ground staff.

• • •

CATCH glimpse of Mrs. Mac Manson, formerly Nancy Cullen, returning home after honeymoon trip to Lapstone and Collaroy with huge bouquet of flowers under one arm and packet of rolled oats under the other. Domesticity and glamor combined for Nancy evidently.

• • •

DEPARTMENT of understatement. Overheard at one of our smart luncheon spots a lass asked her handsome escort: "Darling, what IS all this about the new 'platonic' bomb?"

• • •

FLAT at Edgecliff for Staff-Sergeant Roy Atlee Hunt, A.I.F., and his bride, formerly Madeleine McGinley, of Wollstonecraft, who have just returned from their honeymoon at Bundanoon. Roy is a returned P.O.W., being taken prisoner at Crete, and arriving back in Australia last June.



LUNCHING AT ROMANO'S. Mrs. D. S. Mulley (right) entertains at a celebration luncheon in honor of her daughter, Margaret, when she announces her engagement to Carl Carrigan, ex-A.I.F., of "Dumeindi," via Mungindi. Carl was a P.O.W. in Italy before repatriation to Australia.



CANBERRA WEDDING. Flying-Officer Harry Cook, R.A.A.F., of Mosman, Queensland, and his bride, formerly Corporal Joan Hatfield, A.A.M.W.S., only child of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Hatfield, of Mugga Way, Canberra, cut cake at reception at Barton House after marriage at St. John's Church, Canberra.



MILITARY MEDALLIST Warrant-Officer Henry Johnston, M.M., A.I.F., and Mrs. Johnston, who before marriage at St. Augustine's was June Cole, W.A.A.A.F. Henry won award in Ramu Valley.



CHEERY GROUP. Lieut. R. Allen, Mrs. D. Saddington, Surgeon-Lieut. R. N. Robson, Mrs. H. Cotman, Dorothy Spain, Sub-Lieut. D. Hartland at dance given by Young Contingent of Victoria League to provide amenities for three Pacific islands occupied by advanced units of British Pacific Fleet, and 100 R.N. ships which League has "adopted."



NEWLYWEDS. U.S. war correspondent with "New York Times," Frank L. Kluckhohn, and bride, formerly June Warner, of Talwood, Queensland. Pair spent honeymoon in Sydney, Canberra, Melbourne, Tasmania.

EXQUISITE pearl necklace is christening gift from Lady Dugan to four-months-old Elizabeth Ainslie Fairbairn when she is christened at St. James' Church, King Street. Elizabeth is daughter of Captain Murray Fairbairn, of Coombal, Moree, who is Sir Winston Dugan's aide at Government House, Melbourne. Murray's wife was formerly Lorna Shannon, of Mackay, Queensland, before her marriage last year. Lorna has a flat at Cremorne.

• • •

TELEPHONE Mrs. J. M. Armstrong, wife of Captain Armstrong, of the Australia, to see if she has had any news of her sailor husband telling her about the historic Guildhall banquet. "Not a word about it so far as letters are concerned, but a series of spirited cables," says Mrs. Armstrong, laughingly. She and her three children, David, who is an ordinary seaman at Flinders Training Base; schoolboy Phillip, and Suzanne, are awaiting long airmail letters with interest.

• • •

GLORIOUS white lame gown run with gold thread is chosen by Shirley Arnott for her wedding with Flight-Lieutenant Don Eisenhauer, D.F.C., R.A.A.F. Gown was previously worn at wedding of her sister, Mrs. Bill Dawson, formerly Nea Arnott. Baby of the family, sub-deb. daughter Audrey, is bridesmaid, and wears brocaded frock of pink and blue rosebud design—material for gown was brought from England by Mrs. Arnott before the war, being kept for special occasion.

• • •

MY gossip scout tells me pretty Alison Bowman has lots of interesting letters from Bill Scott, who is now attached to Indian Army and is in Poona. Most interesting news to the feminine ear is that he is sending out lovely parcel to Alison, which will include chunky jewellery and sandals.

• • •

COLONEL and MRS. TOM BLAMEY'S young son and heir only needs moustache to complete perfect replica he presents of his grandfather, General Sir Tom Blamey. His charming American mother says no christening plans yet, but he's known as Thomas Edward, to honor both grandfathers. Mrs. Blamey is daughter of Mr. Edward Roberts, of Texas.



SAMURAI SWORD CUTS CAKE. Craftman Richard Kirwan, A.I.F., Murchison River, W.A., helps bride, formerly Pat FitzPatrick, cut wedding cake with Samurai sword (two-handed Japanese sword), captured by bridegroom few weeks ago near Wewak.

DATES for our diary: September 1 is date chosen by 30th Battalion Comforts Fund for a fete to be held in the Legacy Club rooms to raise funds for the welfare of men of the battalion when they return from being P.O.W.s in Japan.

Subscription dance at the Australian Hall, 150 Elizabeth Street, arranged by Gallipoli Legion War Auxiliary, in conjunction with the 2/1st Field Regiment Comforts Fund this Friday.

• • •

NICE gesture for an uncle when Sim Bennett escorts his niece, Pam Darling, to dinner at Prince's. Pam has been holidaying at Sim's property, seven miles out of Camden, but is now back enjoying the bright lights of the city again.

Joyce

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Chasing the Phantom of Sleep

Everyone else has slept for hours, but our friend over the road is still chasing the phantom of sleep from one side of his bed to the other, twisting and forever turning in his weary search for elusive rest. Why doesn't someone tell him about Bourn-vita? Deep, refreshing sleep — sleep that gives complete relaxation of mind and body comes easily to people who take a regular nightcap of Cadbury's Bourn-vita. It is wholesome and delicious, containing rich, full-cream milk, barley malt, eggs and energising chocolate. Ask your supplier to set aside a tin of Cadbury's Bourn-vita for you.



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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

THESE are favorable times for Leonians, Arians, and Sagittarians. Many Librans benefit, too. All of them should strive to begin new enterprises, make changes, seek promotions and gains.

Those born under Taurus and Scorpio must be cautious, avoiding discord and change.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (Mar. 21 to Apr. 21): Modest opportunities likely now, especially on Aug. 17 and 18 (noon to sunset). Finalise important matters.

TAURUS (Apr. 21 to May 22): Live wisely now; routine best. Delays and annoyances likely, especially on Aug. 14 (late), 15, 16, and 21 (late). Be cautious also on Aug. 18, 19, and 20.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Aug. 14 (morning and sunset) very helpful for minor affairs, but Aug. 17 and 18 rather unsettling.

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): Unspectacular days for most Cancerians, although Aug. 14 (near sunset), 15 (midday), and 16 (after dusk) can be helpful.

LEO (July 23 to Aug. 24): Speed up important projects now. Aug. 14 (to noon) fair. Aug. 17 very good. Aug. 18 (forenoon and mid-evening) poor; balance good. Rest of week tricky.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): Good weeks ahead; plan wisely. Aug. 14 (to forenoon and near sunset) good. Aug. 15 (midday) and 16 (mid-evening) good. Aug. 21 (noon to dusk) fair.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Aug. 14 (to forenoon and near sunset), 15 (midday), 16 (mid-evening), 17 (forenoon and evening), 18 (afternoon), all fair.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Be guarded now. Difficulties abound, especially on Aug. 14, 15, 16, 18, 19, 20, and 21. Improvements soon.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Keep busy now. Aug. 14 (morning and near sunset), 15 (midday), 16 (evening), 17, 18 (noon to dusk), and 21 (near sunset), all very favorable.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Plan ahead; good weeks soon. Aug. 14 (near sunset), 15 (midday), 16 (evening), 17 (forenoon and evening), and 21 (from 3 p.m. to 7 p.m.) all helpful.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Beware changes, upsets, and indiscretions now; loss, partings, disappointment likely, especially on Aug. 14 (evening), 15, 16 (early), 18 (late), 19, 20, and 21.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to Mar. 21): Get urgent matters well in hand now, or wait some weeks. Aug. 14 (near sunset), 15 (noon to 2 p.m.), 16 (evening), and 21 (late afternoon) all good.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Housewife's day

I'M tired of washing dishes,
Of doing household chores
Of mending, washing, ironing,
And polishing the floors.

I'm running late this morning;
There's such a lot to do,
The place looks like a pigsty
And everything's askew.

Well, now to get the messages—
What will I get to eat?
Potatoes, beans, and pumpkin,
Some apples, pears, and meat.

And oh! The price of foodstuff
Soars higher every day,
But baby must have vitamins—
Like all the experts say.

I've got to do the ironing,
Sew a button on that shirt,
And clean that kitchen cupboard,
It's simply thick with dirt.

Then there's the Guild this morning;
What will I write about?
On politics I'm frightful,
I'm stupid, there's no doubt.

I only know the common things
Like how to scrub and cook,
And mend and darn and sew—
No time to read a book!

So, as the day goes onward,
Each little task is met—
An unexpected visitor,
All sorts of things—and yet

I wouldn't be a typist
Or sit up at a desk,
Or serve behind a counter—
I like my own job best.

—D. FUSSELL.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and
PRINCESS NARDA: Were lured to Kord Key, isle of walking dead (Kordies), by
BARON KORD: Whom Narda agreed to wed if he freed Mandrake.
TRINA: Kord's sister, befriends the captives.

Mandrake and Lothar pretend to be Kordies. Having discovered that Kord turns men into Kordies by adding a powder to drinking water, they empty the sacks of powder, and substitute salt in the sacks. Then they knock over all the drinking barrels in the Kordie corral. NOW READ ON:



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PEPSODENT, with Irium, rapidly, safely, gently *removes film* which can otherwise destroy the natural lustre of good teeth.

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Drawn From An Actual Case Record

As the illustrations show, unsightly teeth *can* be be corrected—proof that a pretty face no longer need be marred by a toothy, crooked smile. Yes, modern dentistry can do wonders by straightening and properly spacing teeth. Or, like the movie stars, you can have chipped or broken teeth re-capped. Your dentist will tell you what needs to be done and how quickly you can expect to see results.

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Beware of unsightly film on your teeth. You can feel it—others can see it. Film collects stains, makes teeth look dull—hides the true brightness of your smile. Test *your* teeth with the tip of your tongue now—can you feel film? Get rid of it with PEPSODENT!



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Objectives gained at Balikpapan

A soldier who was in the first assault wave on Balikpapan felt keyed-up and excited as he sprang on to the land, first out of his barge.

His section gained its objective and came through with hardly a scratch.

"IT took us nearly two hours to reach the beach," writes Cpl. R. C. Ludwig to his mother, Mrs. C. Ludwig, 33 Lord St., Newtown, N.S.W.

"While this was going on the Navy was pounding the shore defences and squadrons of heavy bombers dropped their bombs everywhere.

"When the barges grounded in a long line along the beach I was first out of our barge, and among the first to hit solid earth.

"I remember getting quite a thrill just out of that, and I felt all keyed-up and excited as I ran across the sand toward the road to the cover of the trees.

"The noise of the guns was terrific, but as we were running across the sand there was not a shot fired at us.

"We advanced the best part of half a mile inland before we met any resistance, which was soon wiped out. We took our objective, a spur, in no time, but she warmed up from there.

"We took our next objective, a hill, which was the job allotted to us in the operation. We very smartly dug small holes and hung on to our position until the next battalion passed through us and took up the fight.

"My job was to mark mines, make safe booby traps, and blow in the tunnels as they advanced. I did not run into any mines or booby traps that morning. The barrage must have set the majority off. There was one tunnel to be blown up in the advance.

"Under covering fire I had to tear up to it, pull the safety pin out of a charge and throw her in. I have no idea if there were any Nips in there. If there were, they still are, as the whole tunnel caved in with the explosion.

"When I arrived back at the beach I had hardly taken my gear off for a breather when I had to saddle up again and take my section with another team in an advance up the coast.

"We went for about a mile and a half, then ran into trouble in large lumps. From then until dark things were not too healthy.

"We dug in at dusk and what a night we spent. We stood to all night, with the Nips prowling round us.

"I was sent back to the beach-head then to come good. They gave me some pills and tablets and I slept all that day and night.

"My section and myself went through the operation without a scratch to speak of. They did a wonderful job and I am proud of them."



BOONGLAND Challenge Cup, won by an Army team in a Rugby League football competition between Army and R.A.A.F., is held by Spr. N. M. Parkinson, captain of the winning team. The cup is made from two preserved fruit tins. Photo sent by Mrs. Parkinson, Anzac Ave., Cessnock, N.S.W.



BURMA PILOTS. Centre of this group of Australian pilots with "Churchill's Own" Spitfire Squadron in Burma is the late Sq./Ldr. D. W. McCormack, D.F.C. and Bar, who was C.O. of the squadron. Second from left is P/O. R. Layfield, who sent the photo to Mr. S. Layfield, Davies Road, Ashgrove, Brisbane.

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For briefer extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.



PEACEFUL SCENE at New Britain. Jack Porter (left), medical stores driver, and Ray Kerchington, Australian Comforts Fund. Both are from South Australia. Photo sent by Pte. V. Lamb.

Cpl. C. F. Young, Borneo, to his sister, Mrs. A. Kilmartin, Kairi, Qld.:

"ONE of the best sights I have seen here was five little Chinese girls aged from 18 months to five years riding round in a jeep, and enjoying every moment of it.

"They gorged themselves with ham, biscuits, and lollies. One girl told her mother she was not going to eat any more rice, as Australian food was much better.

"Another girl got very indignant and snappy when asked if she liked the jeeps. We could not understand it until her mother told us that she thought we meant Japs."

LAC. G. B. Lowery, R.A.A.F., Pacific, to his mother, Mrs. B. Lowery, Spring Vale Rd., Spring Vale, Vic.:

"HAD a safe trip. We thought there might be some fireworks at this end, but the Japs must have known that I had been oiling my rifle every day, and they thought better of it!

"We sighted this coast at dawn this morning and blow me if I was not on messing duties for three hours.

"We came ashore in landing-barges with all our war regalia on our backs, under our arms, and, in fact, anywhere where a stretcher or roll of blankets would fit—like the bloke who had pants but no braces or belt, it was just confidence that held things in the proper place!

"It was raining too and very steamy with it. Some real cheery Army fellows told us that it rains here for nine months of the year! Gosh, I wonder how we'll manage for water during the other three months! Looks as if we might be forced to makeshift with beer!"

LAC. Hadfield, R.A.A.F., to his brother, Robert Hadfield, Thurleigh, Baradine, N.S.W.:

"A CHAP at my last station has a parrot and a cockatoo which he brought back from the islands.

"The old cocky is a bit of a wag. If we ask him how he is he says, 'Ah! Blast Air Board.' He goes round muttering and cursing to himself most of the day.

"When the little parrot gets out on his own sometimes the wild birds about here come down and attack him.

"As soon as this happens he whistles the old cocky, who comes flat out.

"The other day a peewee started beating the parrot, so he promptly whistled up his mate. Round came the old cocky, swearing and cursing. Much to his surprise the peewee attacked him.

"That was too much for him, so he promptly flew flat out into one of the tents.

"He stopped there for the rest of the day, telling 'Air Board' just what he thought of them.

"No matter what happens, he blames it on to 'Air Board'."

Sgt. L. A. Watson, Borneo, to Miss Joyce Jordan, Base Hospital, Bendigo, Vic.:

"I VISITED the Sultan's palace. The Sultan's wife had a marvellous array of gowns. She must have had hundreds, all of that fancy stuff you see in those Indian pictures. She also had a large quantity of cosmetics and scents, including quart bottles of eau-de-Cologne.

"Like everything else here, it is all neglected, and has been since the Japs have been here."

Do You Remember?

Continued from page 3

SLOWLY she went on, "No, I hadn't thought of that . . . I'm afraid I hadn't remembered what day it was, or what it commemorated."

"Then what are you doing at Greenways? What is there for you here?" he demanded harshly, with a glance that passed from the frivolous hat, the expensive bag and gloves, to the deserted waste of their home.

"Even important war workers have their hours off," she answered. "I'm on my way to the Curtis' for lunch—I'm really due there now." She lifted her eyes to his. "Was that why you came down here—to celebrate an anniversary?"

Something in the tone of her question made him pause. He fancied her glance took in the signs of war and strain that he knew he carried—fatigue, hollow cheeks from weeks in hospital, quite a number of grey hairs for his thirty-three years. Easy to make a bid for her pity, but he remembered what he had declared when everything smashed between them: "Count me out as a factor in your life, I won't trouble you again——" and he said: "Me? No, I only just thought of it a minute ago. I'm on my way to see Foster to arrange about selling the place."

"Oh, you're going to sell, are you?"

"I am. I expect Curtis still wants to buy."

"Yes, I happen to know he does."

Denis' jaw tightened. "He can have it then. All except one bit. You remember old Thomas?"

She dropped the white spray. "I certainly should. We quarrelled about him often enough, and his wretched hut spoiling our view of the best bend of the river."

"Well, it's still there," he answered grimly. "I send him a few quid every month, and he's not going to be turned out."

"Still the same old sentimental bee in your bonnet," she said, with a lift of the eyebrows, the ancient bone of contention raising its tormenting head again.

"Maybe. Or just pure obstinacy as you always declared. Oh, well . . . It's your property, of course. But I don't think Jack will want to buy with that as a condition."

Denis said with a malice that he knew the time was too late for: "You seem to be intimately acquainted with what Jack thinks and feels?"

"An eyesore of a hut that he can't pull down on the best bend of the river," she repeated.

"O.K.," he said shortly, flicking away the end of his cigarette. "He needn't buy if he doesn't want to. Somebody else will."

When she had gone he turned his back on Greenways, too, and walked the mile across the fields to the town.

Old Foster, the lawyer, in the well-remembered room, greeted him with the solicitude of manner kept for returning soldier clients—the good cigar, the fine sherry.

Denis smoked, and drank, and talked, but absently, vaguely.

Presently, after the usual exchange, he put down his glass, strolled to the window, and stood looking down on to the bustling street of the county town. He began to speak of the sale of Greenways, of prices and title deeds and present conditions. When he came to the one possible drawback to the sale Foster's pen halted.

Denis noted the pause and turned round, ready to meet the challenge before it came.

Foster was sitting back in his chair, looking at him in mild surprise. He said, echoing Denis' last words: "Thomas' cottage?"

The other advanced to the table and leant forward pugnaciously. "Yes, Thomas' cottage," he repeated. "It's his home, has been for half a century, and now at eighty years of age he's not going to be turned out of it—not for all the——"

"My dear boy," Foster cut him short. "What are you talking about? Don't you know old Thomas is dead?"

"Dead? Old Thomas?"

"Died soon after you went away. The shock of the bombing. Cynthia's been handing over the money you allowed him to his old sister."

Bewildered, Denis sought for an explanation. In imagination he was facing Cynthia in the gold of the laburnum tree.

"But I saw Cynthia this morning," he stammered. "We discussed this business. Why didn't she tell me?"

"Don't know. Unless it was that she didn't know what you felt about her after all this time." He fiddled a moment, setting papers straight. "And didn't want you to know—something else."

"Something else?"

"That she's living in that cottage herself—has been ever since Thomas died."

"Impossible! She can't be—in that wretched little hut!"

"Yes, she took a Land Army job and settled right in with a few cheap bits of furniture."

Denis couldn't speak. Still leaning forward across the desk he stared blankly at Foster.

"All the things she'd set such store by didn't seem to matter to her any more," Foster went on. "She stayed on there, working and living quite alone, still sort of clinging to her past with you . . ." He pushed back his chair and stood up. "You've done a fine job of soldiering, Denis. I'd say your next job is to get to know Cynthia—as she is to-day."

It was mid-afternoon when she came along the field path from the Curtis' where Denis was waiting.

She was walking slowly, carrying her hat; slowly back to the tumble-down cottage by the river.

Then, as she saw him, she came forward quickly; and that first sight of her face left no doubt in his mind. No words were needed in that first coming together, that first kiss.

Later, as he held her in his arms, the full meaning of the legend of the deathless bird came to him: life changing but never ending—flowers coming up out of dust and rubble—love renewed from the ashes of its own bitterness . . .

He ran his hand over her bright hair.

"Why," he said, "of course—now I know! Your hair!—what bird it's like. It's the red-gold plumage of the phoenix's breast!"

(Copyright)



"Stripes are so out of date—gay prints are all the rage."

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Their home's aboard a floating dock

Safe in port after longest ocean tow in history

By BETTY NESBIT

The queerest craft ever seen in an Australian port, a British Admiralty floating dock, recently anchored in a quiet reach of an Australian harbor.

On the longest tow in history, from Iceland to Australia, it weathered all the perils of a long and difficult voyage — the green combers of the Atlantic, submarine packs, low food rations, perilous storms, and deadly monotony.



DOCK'S DOG, Judy, poses for her picture with Ordinary-Seaman Gordon Savory, of Norwich.

CREW OF DOCK, off duty, take their ease in their mess. Wall radiators keep them warm.

BUT the dock's crew have quickly forgotten these trials. They think Australia is "gr—ann—d," and told me so while I watched them chipping great flakes of rust off the sides of their odd-looking craft, which, to some of them has been home, sweet home, for nearly two years.

In the Royal Navy lists she is A.F.D. — Admiralty Floating Dock—but to the crew she is "that old no-funnelled blank."

She left Reykjavik with 32 men on board last September. Those who joined in Iceland are known to the rest as "the Iceland ratings."

Others joined at various ports where the dock touched. Ten ratings who were sent out from England to pick it up did not manage to catch up until reaching Australia.

Going on board the dock it is difficult to imagine this huge bulk at sea, being towed for 16,000 miles.

The dock walls are 24ft. in height, and along the top run the port and starboard decks. The crew's quarters are in the sides of the walls. This provides long and narrow messes.

"But cosy," said Stoker George Westwood, of Lye, Stourbridge, who is known as "Lofty."

Through the open door I could see the tiled bathroom where some steady dhobying (washing) was in progress.

"This old hulk has good bathrooms," said George. "Eighteen long baths. We're about the only ratings in any R.N. ship who can have a good soak in a long bath."

The reason why there are long baths instead of the customary showers is that the dock was originally built for civilian dock workers.

At the moment the hot-water pipes are under repair, having burst when they were frozen on the trip out. The crew carry their hot water from the galley.

The warmest spot in the dock is the galley, where the head boy is 5ft. Tommy Moseley, of London, one of the original members of the dock crew.

He baked 2785lb. of bread on the trip from Iceland.

There were only two days when he didn't cook hot meals, and that was when the dock was adrift in the Atlantic and the seas were so big that the galley deck was swamped and the bottom of the oil stove full of water.

The crew think he is a good cook, which is rare praise in any ship. He excels at Manchester tart, a pastry with jam and custard layers.

While talking to Tommy in the galley I probably saved all the crew from a bad attack of indigestion.

"How do you eat custard apples?" asked Tommy. I explained they were eaten raw with a spoon.

"We've got a case full," he said, "just waiting for them to get ripe."

He opened the lid and showed me —chokoes.

"Well," he said, when I explained that they weren't custard apples, "I've never seen either, but from what I'd heard of them, green with rough surface, I thought they must be custard apples."

At the rum-issuing ceremony in the mess I was an honored guest, and was offered a couple of "sippsies" out of several battered mugs.

"Sippsies," as P/O. J. Richardson, of Portsmouth, explained to me, are the extra sips which your pals generously allow you on special occasions such as your birthday, your wife's birthday, or birth of a baby.

"Some of 'em try to argue that grannie's birthday is a special occasion, but we draw the line at that," he said.

Cat liked rum

THE men told me about Smigget, the ship's cat who went ashore at Iceland and never came back.

"Wot a cat," they sighed. "Used to drink rum and eat vitamin tablets."

Shipwright C. Copeland writes music as a hobby. His shipmates call him "the mad composer."

"You just ought to hear Copeland's 'Unfinished Symphony,'" they told me. He takes his teasing well.

On the night before arrival in port the men put on a concert.

Turns included violin playing by E.R.A. Alf Hatton and songs by Chief P/O. John Jones.

When I asked if they had had any other concerts, P/O. Richardson told me that "the whole bloomin' trip was better'n a concert if you had a sense of humor."

From the fore-end of the dock one looks along the great flat pontoon deck, littered with vast heaps of mooring cables, blocks, and stores. Lying from for'ard to aft are the rusted towing cables with giant links.

In one cable a link has nearly reached snapping point, mute evidence of the tremendous strain put on it during the tow.

The dock was fastened to the tugs by two cables, two wires, and two hawsers.

Even this towing-line broke at one stage, and the dock drifted for two desperate days in the high seas of an Atlantic storm. The two tugs and seven escort ships stood by.

The crew worked shoulder-deep in water in an effort to make the towline fast once again.

"Talk abart swimmin'" commented Ordinary-Seaman Gordon Savory, of Norwich. "We wore our bathing trunks for that job."

Gordon Savory, who is 22, is known to his shipmates as "Muscles," being rather on the fat side. But he said he lost two stone on the voyage out.

Leading Seamen Frank O'Connor and Doug Carr, who live opposite each other in Dover, are the deep-sea divers for the dock, and famed for the fantastic stories they tell of what they see when they go down below to work.

"The Loch Ness monster's nothing to the animals they see," said Leading Seaman Reg Wing, of Rochester.

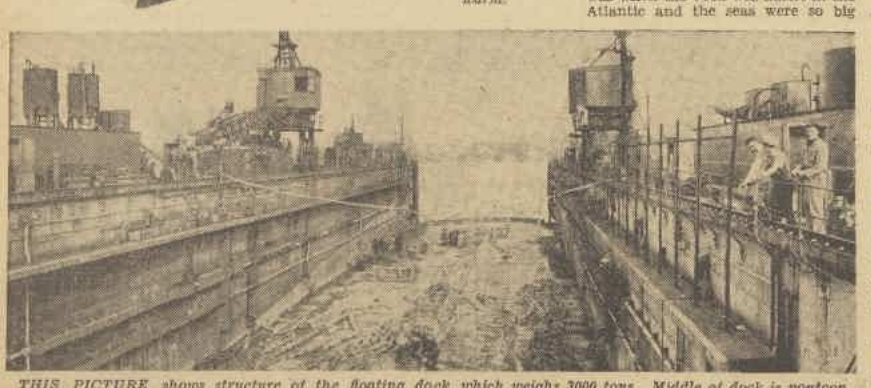
In another storm in the Indian Ocean the whole of the fore-end of the dock was damaged.

In the Red Sea the crew played cricket on the pontoon deck in a two days' "Test" match.

Those two days were the only two in the whole nine months' voyage when the seas weren't breaking through the open ends of the dock.

"It was a long way from the village green, but we enjoyed the bit of sport," said Jock Carson, of Glasgow.

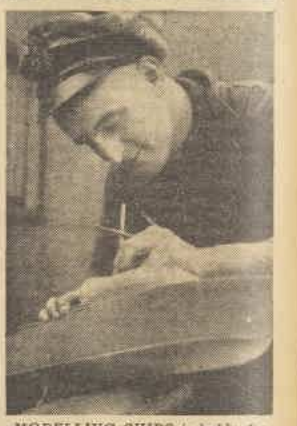
"We made the cricket balls from strips of old cloth bound tightly together. We made a good stock of them because the boys kept hitting them for sixers out into the sea."



THIS PICTURE shows structure of the floating dock, which weighs 3000 tons. Middle of dock is pontoon deck, where ships are placed for repairs. Along the top of the dock walls are upper decks. Living quarters are actually inside walls. During tow both ends of dock were open to sea, which swept through continuously.



THESE SAILORS have been on the dock for nearly two years. The huge cables on which they are sitting are used for the purpose of mooring the dock.



MODELLING SHIPS is hobby for Chief E.R.A. Jock Morrell. Men had little recreation on long tow.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726457

SOLDIER'S STORY OF BORNEO LANDING



BOMB CRATERS on Sepinggang airstrip, Balikpapan, being emptied with pneumatic pump worked by LAC Charlie Griffiths, N.S.W.



JAP RICE from his own dixie is fed by Pte. William Linnell, Vic., to his pet monkey, which he captured on the day he landed in Borneo.

In spite of bombs and shells, souvenir hunters held a fancy dress parade

By JOSHUA, A.I.F.

Remember—when we were kids—the Wild Man from Borneo, bogyman from a strange and terrible place. Only in our wildest dreams did we see ourselves some day visiting the home of the Wild Man.

Then, one morning, from a craft in an invasion fleet, we were gazing at a low coastline which appeared neither inviting nor romantic. It was Borneo.

THE place had received a terrific bombardment from sea and air and the first assault troops had already gone in.

A great lazy column of black oil smoke dominated the scene. On the hilltop stood the outline of huge oil installations.

Artillery winked along the beach road; puffs of smoke popped up on the nearer hills beyond a tattered palm plantation. A four-engined plane flew low, spotting.

The scene did not realise that childhood conception of green jungly Borneo with black men and native huts along the shore. But this was it all right.

Cruisers and destroyers whoomphed and thwacked shells into Jap strongpoints. A "Cat" alighting on a choppy sea stood up on its tail, then settled safely. Fighters looked the situation over from above.

And we had pork chops—dinkum pork chops—and sweet corn for mess!

At night the scene became as fantastic as a back-drop in "Faust." A destroyer sent over star shells which, bursting behind the billowing black smoke, vividly outlined it in silver.

Headlights of army trucks moving busily from the floodlit landing beaches were reminiscent of Frankston Beach Road on a summer night.

It rained like the dickens.

On going ashore, first impression was that the Digger sense of humor was as lively here as in all such situations.

One veteran engineer strode along in a Jap naval uniform complete with sword. He haughtily waved inquirers aside. The sword was a two-handed Samurai-brand spanking new—with a polished razor-sharp blade capable of beheading a man at a blow.

Clothing and army equipment were spilled from tunnels in the hillside by the bombardment, and impromptu fancy-dress parades were in progress.

One Dig, clad in a sarong and carrying a wide straw sunshade, glided along with swaying hips. His cobber minced along in a short white frock, high rubber boots, and straw hat perched over one eyebrow.

Two blase tourists on bikes made in Tokio bowed gravely as they pedalled past.

At the side of the road a soldier sat back in a deep armchair enjoying a thin black Jap cigarette. He handed out business cards which labelled him an inspector-general for Mitsui Bussan Kaisha Ltd.

A gay square of batik cloth flew from a pole outside a pup-tent; the notice read, "Dottie Cottage." Other garments flew from tent poles.

There was strictly no souveniring and no sightseeing yet in the town proper.

But wrecked Jap buildings lower down produced much of interest—personal gear and quantities of good lathering, highly perfumed soap. It was soon in use.

Two women

BOOBY-TRAPS and land-mines were thick. So, very cautiously opening a drawer in a queer-shaped cabinet lying on the roadway, a Digger got a shock greater than from an explosion when he brought to light neat jars of anatomy specimens. Very poor souvenirs, these.

No locals were yet returned to this area, but two Malayan women were observed serving food in a compound where Dutch officers were tending emaciated natives.

The women were neat and attractive. They wore bright sarongs, and their sleek blue-black sheeny hair was tied, traditional style, in a knot with the ends showing at the nape of the neck. Their work among the sick lent them dignity.

Scattered Jap magazines revealed some amusing cartoons. Their jokes, being on the rebound, carry a real belly-laugh for the boys.

Here is an example in comic-strip form:

An American fleet is depicted, routed and sinking. Naval radio ashore gets S.O.S. Sailor takes it to an admiral, who dashes it to President. President promptly collapses and sailors revive him with buckets of water. Then he summons all his admirals, who appear quaking in fear.

President reads orders to go forth and tackle the Jap fleet. All tremble violently. No one will volunteer, so President extends handful of straws—smallest drawn to go.

Here the general trembling occupies several sections of the strip.

One admiral draws tiny straw—the others smile happily. But the unlucky sea-dog won't go — he's very frightened, so the President rates him severely and he staggers out.

He enters a bathroom, and the President, on hands and knees, watches him through the keyhole. There he sees his admiral throwing off his insignia and uniform and scrubbing all tattooed maidens, anchors, and ships off his chest.

He is through—he just won't face the Japanese Navy!

That sort of stuff is worth a good laugh in Balikpapan at present, although not far away the serious side of business still goes grimly on. However, we all hope to see that Wild Man—before the show is all over.



THREE GRAVES near Manggar airstrip are a grim reminder of the price being paid by Australian soldiers to drive the enemy out.



AT SAMBOJA, 38 miles from Balikpapan, Australian forces found natives in a semi-starved condition. Patrol passes a native who squatted like this for hours, too weak to walk. —Australian official photos.

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DAVID JONES'
Youth Centre
for girls of all ages



125 WW1

125WW1: "MISS TEENA" DRESSES in striped sheer Rayon, come in two styles—the one illustrated and another, shirtmaker style with fly front. In tomato, green, blue and navy with white stripes. Lengths, 39 and 42 ins. At 45/11, 13 cpns.



77 WW1

77WW1: FLORAL COTTON DRESS for younger daughter has pretty frill on bodice and a fully gathered skirt. Choose from red, blue or yellow grounds with floral patterns. Lengths, 24 and 27 inches. At 11/8, 10 coupons.



181 WW2

181WW1: A "SUN-OUT" SWEATER in cool, cotton mesh for girls 10 to 15 years. In red, pink, saxe or white. At 4/11, 4 coupons.

181WW2: "SUN-OUT" SHORTS to go with the sweater. Made of grey flannel with buckled waist (waist measures 21 to 24 ins.). 12/1, 4 cpns.



34WW1

34WW1: TODDLER'S DRESS AND PANTEE in British Cambric . . . blue, pink or nile floral; also blue, red or pink with white spots. Lgth., 16 ins. 14/8, 6 coupons.

DAVID JONES' PAY THE FREIGHT
MAIL YOUR ORDER TO
BOX 503 AA, G.P.O., SYDNEY



36WW1: Doris Last, black patent Ghillie Tie Shoe in girls' sizes 7 to 1 and maids' sizes 2 to 5.



127WW2: Doris Last, white nubuck, black or brown calf Ghillie Tie Shoe. Maids' sizes only, 2 to 5.

Betsy Anne

Shoes for Girls are back again!

A famous pre-war brand of Girls' Shoes made by J. Robin. Black and brown ones are in calf or patent, white in nubuck. Sizes 7 to 10 at 15/11 and 2 coupons; sizes 11 to 1 at 18/6, 3 coupons; maids' sizes 2 to 5 at 19/11 and 3 coupons.

"TROOPER" LAST FOR WIDE FEET
"DORIS" LAST FOR MEDIUM FEET

Youth Centre, 4th Floor, Main Store



36WW6: Trooper Last, Derby Tie in black or brown calf. Girls' sizes 7 to 1 only.



36WW2: Doris Last, black patent T-Bar Shoe, for girls and maids. In white nubuck for maids only.

36WW3: Trooper Last, white buck or brown calf Sandals. Sizes 7 to 1.



36WW10: Doris Last, brown or black calf Derby. Girls' and maids' sizes.

36WW4: Trooper Last, Ghillie in white buck, black or brown calf. Girls' sizes.

Every pair of Betsy Anne Shoes has all these special features



- Soft, pliable and sturdy uppers.
- Conforms to natural bone structure.
- Firm heel stiffeners. No "running over."
- Smooth linings for sensitive feet.
- Flexible leather inner soles.
- Sturdy, long-wearing leather soles.

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M.P.s We Always Got

Continued from page 7

LOLLING drowsily in their chairs, they drank a little wine and listened to the music. Sitting at the table with the two men John had pointed out, Maria strummed her mandolin.

Sully looked at his watch. "We'll have to be going soon," he said. He saw Luigi speak to the girl. Her teeth flashing in a smile, she put the mandolin on the table. Rising, she came toward them, singing softly.

Sully frowned. Tony scowled. Big John stirred uneasily.

With easy grace she crossed the room and sat on Big John's lap.

"Honest, fellers," he gasped, "I didn't so much as look at her."

She slid an arm round his neck. Big John rose abruptly, and Maria fell to the floor.

"That's been rehearsed or I know nothing," Tony growled.

The startled look left Big John's face as, screaming shrilly, Maria scrambled from the room.

Grimly the little man waited for the next act. It was not long in coming. The two big roughnecks at his heels, Luigi hurried through the doorway. The others crowded close behind. "This is terrible; you have insulted Morelli's sweetheart," Luigi said, waving toward the larger of the two men beside him.

A hand at his belt, Morelli glared menacingly.

"I don't know the Italian angle on this racket," Sully said, "but the pay-off better be quick, or your playmate may get hurt."

"Your thought does me injustice," Luigi purred. "It is perhaps true that your offence was unintentional, but my friends have little left but honor. Morelli must have satisfaction."

"Then he better stop making faces, and start swinging," Big John advised.

Tony rose leisurely. "This should be good," he said.

"Morelli is the strongest man in all Italy. He could crack your skull like an eggshell," Luigi said.

"I'll lay four to one I can break his back," Tony scoffed.

"Nuts to that," Big John protested. "He's for me. You take the other one."

"Hold it," the little man said. He stared at their host. "I'm still waiting for the angle," he said.

Luigi's lip rolled back from his teeth. "Like yourselves, we cannot afford trouble with the military police," he jeered. "So we settle affairs of honor quietly, with the knife."

"And the angle?" Sully insisted.

"You are strangers in a strange land," Luigi said. "The mastery of the blade is perhaps unknown to you."

"You have been my guests," Luigi continued. "I wish you free from harm." Turning, he conferred with Morelli's companion. "It is well," he said to the little man. "Tito will champion you."

Morelli glowered. Tito expanded his chest.

"I assume there is some slight fee for this service?" Sully inquired.

"Fortunately, you have money," Luigi said, "and Tito is a desperate man. For this great risk, all you have will not compensate him, but he will take it."

"That's not very subtle, Luigi," the little man said acidly.

"This dodge is sheer larceny," Tony stormed.

Luigi shrugged. "I do my poor best," he said.

"Let's go, Sully," Big John roared. "We blasted our way out of rougher spots than this."

"Hold it," the little man said. He glanced at the knot of men beyond the door.

"It is hopeless, Sergeanto," Luigi cautioned. "Better that Tito defend your honor, when you are gone."

The little man's grey eyes narrowed. Hopeless? A word from him, even the motion of a hand, and Luigi would long remember to select his victims with greater care. He thought of the combat streamer that flew above the Colonel's tent. A proud thing, earned with blood, and sweat, and honor. They'd helped to put it there. And to keep it flying they'd already taken lip from M.P.s, accepted outrageous overcharge, and twice laughed off insulting efforts to ensnare them.

Bitterly he discounted the possibility of concealing minor knife wounds from the regimental medico. Nor was retreat through the window a feasible manoeuvre. Without diversion from the rear, the last man to drop would have no chance.

"Are we going to stand still for this, Sully?" Big John wailed.

"We can't risk the outfit's combat streamer," the little man said thickly. "We'll pay off, Luigi."

"A wise decision," Luigi acknowledged. "And most opportune. Even now I hear your police approaching. The beat of Service shoes sounded faintly from the street below."

"You shoulda let me encourage 'em, Sully," Big John moaned.

The little man looked at Tony. They both stared at John. A grin spread across Big John's face. The footsteps were louder now.

"Most opportune," the little man mimicked, his fingers closing on the wine pitcher. "I'll need Luigi. Let's go!"

Bounding up from his chair, John whirled Luigi toward the window. "He's all yours, Sully," Big John shouted, cracking a short right to Luigi's jaw.

Wrapping a free arm round the limp figure of their host, Sully rushed him to the window. Shielding himself from view, the little man yelled, "Americanos! Pigs! Dogs! Vermin!"

The footsteps stopped. Behind him Sully heard the roar of battle, the smack of fists on flesh, and Big John's cry of anguish as Tony beat him to Morelli.

Thrusting the pitcher under Luigi's arm, Sully tilted it carefully. A shocking torrent of profanity rose from the street.

Dragging Luigi inside the room, Sully wrapped the empty pitcher on his skull. Turning, the little man saw Tony throw his holiday hook. Morelli crumpled, his huge body neatly blocking the doorway. John slammed Tito to the wall. Catching him as he ricochetted, Big John stopped swiftly.

Feet pounded on the stairway.

"Let's go," Sully called.

They made the window in a rush, Tony first, Big John behind him. Sully dropped to the street just as the M.P.s crashed the outer room. "We'd better be pushing on," he said, but he made no move to go.

"Yah," Big John agreed. "What with their clubs and all, the hardware shouldn't bother those M.P.s too much."

"No," Tony scid. "And, anyway, M.P.s are expendable, M.P.s we always got."

The noise of combat swelled higher in the room above.

"If we're incapacitated through our own misconduct, we'll lose the outfit's combat streamer," Sully said.

"I know, Sully," Tony sighed.

"But upholding the prestige of our military police could hardly be classed as misconduct," Sully added.

"Huh?"

"You mean—?"

"Well, what are we waiting for?" the little man demanded.

They charged the stairway. Tony in the lead, Big John and Sully at his heels. "We're coming, suckers," Tony roared. "Keep pitching."

Big John grinned happily. "Gee, fellers," he panted, "ain't it swell we got M.P.s?"

(Copyright)

WORTH Reporting

MR. W. M. HUGHES, M.H.R., who holds the Australian record for sacking secretaries, sacked another one recently.

Just before a new one arrived our Canberra representative called to ask him for his ideas on the perfect secretary.

Mr. Hughes folded his hands and leaned back in the swivel chair in his little room in the "back blocks" of Federal Parliament House.

"Have you ever read the Bible?" he asked.

"Then you remember that it says, 'There is none perfect, no, not one?'"

(A Sydney theologian suggests Mr. Hughes was misquoting Romans III, 10: "There is none righteous, no, not one.")

Guilty food

MORE than 300 black-market restaurants have been closed down in Paris since the beginning of the year.

Since Christian Pineau, former deportee, returned from a German prison camp to become Food Minister, punishment for running black-market restaurants has been made more severe.

A restaurant discovered serving meat on a meatless day is closed down for not less than six months, while a second offence bans the proprietor and closes down the restaurant for two years.

A patron caught in a black-market restaurant pays a fine ten times as big as his bill.

About 6000 patrons have been caught in black-market restaurants to date.

Analysis of the social status revealed "2000 financiers," 1200 industrialists and traders, 500 actors and cinema employees, 1000 from professions, two judges, and one ambassador.

Strange girl

A PRETTY young Belgian girl, Elizabeth Hernau, of Bruges, has turned down a film contract to come to work in a London hospital, cables our London office.

She is one of 250 Belgian girls who have volunteered for domestic service in British hospitals, and she looked very pleased with life when she lined up with about fifty others to get her ration books and uniform.

"There is really no virtue in turning down a film job to come here," declared this petite brunette, in perfect English. "You see I like domestic work and I can't bear films."

THE LITTLE SCOUTS

"THE LITTLE SCOUTS," delightful cartoon series of the intrepid deeds of a group of small boys and their plump scoutmaster, will appear in The Australian Women's Weekly every week.

They are drawn by 39-year-old Roland Coe.

He started drawing Scouts when he was a Scout himself.

At 14 he was producing pen-and-ink epics for a U.S. magazine called "Lone Scout," and he has since become a cartoonist and advertising artist.

Roland Coe lives on a small farm in Massachusetts with his wife and his own little Scouts, aged five and one.



"Party of savages camped here recently."

NOVEL hobby of two Melbourne tram conductresses is working out averages of women's leg covering.

They have come to the conclusion that eleven women in twelve wear stockings, one woman in 50 shaves her legs, one in every 200 paints her legs, one in 700 wears bobby-socks.

Metal cure

A NUTMEG carried in the pocket as an anti-rheumatism amulet has a rival in a zinc and copper cure which has thousands of devotees on the Sussex coast.

Mrs. Betts, of Shoreham, who used to be a martyr to rheumatism, and now never has a twinge, declares this is because she wears a thin copper disc between the sole and stocking on one foot and a zinc disc in the other shoe.

She believes it sets up a curative electric current of some kind.

All this is similar to an iodine locket which is said to prevent some people from catching colds, and a steel poker under the mattress, supposed to prevent lumbago.

Animal Antics



"I feel fine . . . gonna be up on crutches next week!"

Wives' allowance

TASMANIAN A.L.P. Executive has decided to put before the triennial Federal Labor Conference in November a proposal that the Federal Government should introduce a scheme of wife endowment to give wives a measure of financial independence.

No fear

BIG, bluff, tough Captain A. E. Nicholls, veteran Orient Line captain, brought the Orontes into Sydney recently for the first time in five years.

But he admitted he was not nearly as tough as a British paratrooper who was with him on the Orontes' bridge when she was bombed for 20 hours in Algiers harbor during the Allied invasion in November, 1942.

Captain Nicholls said: "Every time a stick of bombs was dropped at us I ducked into the protection of the wheelhouse, but the paratrooper just stood on the bridge as though nothing was happening.

"Finally I exploded at him: 'Good heavens, man! Doesn't anything frighten you?'

"'No!' the paratrooper answered. 'When you start jumping out of aeroplanes nothing frightens you any more!'"

Captain Nicholls says the Orontes gunners, aided by Providence, saved the ship from being hit in the incessant bombardment.

"No one knows how lucky we were," he added. "Because of our 90ft. funnels we were ordered to put up a smoke-screen.

"We put up a magnificent screen that smoked out the rest of the convoy and the whole of Algiers. But a headwind blew the smoke away from us and left us silhouetted in the moonlight—a perfect target for Jerry."

MICE AND MEN

After ten years' research an American writer says that "chivalry in men is just an instinct, as in mice and elephants."

I KNOW a lady mouse. She said,
"My dear, you're obviously misread."
(And then the flippant creature winked.)
"Instinct indeed? You mean Extinct."

—DOROTHY DRAIN.

Cat's correspondence

OUR June 23 cover of the Persian cat and the overturned vase of flowers has brought us enthusiastic letters from all over the country.

Many people have asked for copies for framing. Unfortunately, owing to wartime shortage of photographic material, we have been unable to supply any prints.

One wife wanted to have the picture framed as a surprise for her husband coming home on leave from New Guinea; a mother wanted to give it to her teen-age daughter.

One letter, however, took us severely to task.

"It is extremely rarely a cat will knock over any household effect. I have for years had cats walk along my mantelpiece, reverse and return, stepping gently between articles thereon . . ." it says.

"Therefore your illustration of the guilty cat is a grave injustice to the feline world."

A group of soldiers in New Guinea wrote asking us to settle an argument for them as to whether the cover was a painting or a photograph. For everybody's information, it was a color photograph taken by one of our staff photographers.

Agitato

AT final rehearsal before one of his concerts, Dr. Malcolm Sargent sipped milk and told the following story with typical Sargent zest:

"I was going to Oxford to perform for the first time, and was to be entertained to dinner beforehand.

"A famous English pianist warned me of his experience on a similar occasion. He had dined sumptuously, and found himself later groping his way up some stairs. An attendant came to assist him, and asked where he wanted to go.

"He said to the platform, as he had to play three pieces.

"The attendant looked surprised.

"'But you have just played them, sir,' he said."

* * *

AT a banquet in Paris recently Lady Diana Manners, wife of Mr. Duff Cooper, British Ambassador, was seated next to the Bey of Tunis. Neither could speak the other's language, so they conversed by exchanging little drawings on the menu.

Ten falls

ON the "Buckingham Palace" set Cinesound were shooting the investiture scene in Columbia's film, "Smithy," life-story of the late Sir Charles Kingsford Smith.

In the White Drawing-room Smithy (Ron Randell) receives the M.C. from King George V, together with six other 1914-18 colonial heroes.

According to script, Smithy hobbles up on crutches to receive the M.C., steps back, and falls to the floor.

Before the scene was passed by Director Ken Hall, Ron Randell had gone down for the tenth time, but faithfully following the script was still staggering to his feet and smilingly assuring King George, "No, Sir, I'm not hurt!"

King George is represented on screen by shadow and voice of John Bull, official identification photographer for R.A.A.F.

John grew a handsome beard and spent two hours a night for whole week studying inflections in King George V's voice from an Empire Broadcast speech record loaned by A.B.C.

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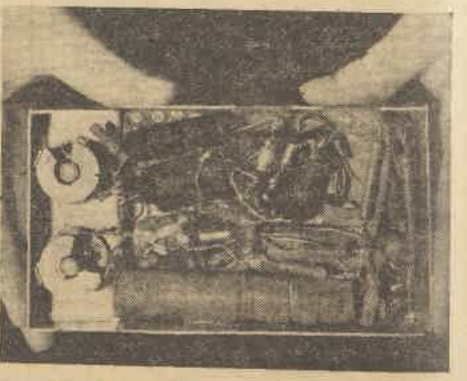
UNDERGROUND RADIO

Philips aid to Allied "Underground" no longer secret



A powerful radio receiver in a small cigar box was recently brought to Australia by an engineer of the Philips Company and member of the Dutch "Underground" in Holland — now a member of the Netherlands Forces. It was one of many thousands made secretly under the very noses of the Nazis by Philips employees from instructions and blueprints supplied by Philips engineers and supervisors. The receivers have two miniature valves and cover a wave-length range from 28 to 55 metres. Exceptionally powerful for their size, they were used 'under cover' to pick up Free Dutch broadcasts from the B.B.C. and to receive instructions immediately before and after D-Day. These sets found their way to members of the "Underground" throughout the length and breadth of Europe and afford yet another example of Philips wholehearted service to the cause of the United Nations.

ONE OF THOUSANDS of miniature radio receivers secretly manufactured by Philips employees in occupied Holland. Designed by Philips engineers to expedite the Nazi defe...



WIRING OF MINIATURE RADIO: An interesting demonstration of Philips skill and ingenuity. The "Underground" radio used two miniature Philips valves.

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NANETTE YOUNG, author of "Woman's Week," from Station 2GB, compered by Norman Blacker.

Session to interest women

Every Friday, Station 2GB has an hour devoted especially to matters of interest to women. This session is called "Woman's Week" and is broadcast at 12.45 p.m.

NANETTE YOUNG, actress, short-story writer, radio personality, is author of the session. It is compered by Norman Blacker.

"Woman's Week" covers a wide field.

It combines discussions on music, books, plays, art, and films with recipes, household hints and home economics.

Latest fashion news and health and beauty hints are also included in the session.

To keep listeners in touch with what is going on there is a diary of events such as bazaars, concerts, gymkhanas, and flower shows.

Good causes

ON the more serious side there are the week's "good cause," such as Red Cross and prisoner-of-war news; a compact review of world events, stressing the woman's point of view, and notes on the latest scientific discoveries.

A feature of the session is the "Woman of the Week," when a personality whose work is worthy of special interest is introduced.

The theatre is represented by personal appearances of actors and actresses in current Sydney productions.

The book selected as the best for the week is reviewed by William Faulkner, and Sydney County Council Home Economics expert Joyce Williams deals with matters most closely concerning the home.

Time of the session is especially suitable to housewives, who like to listen while having a brief lunch-time rest.

Besides giving entertainment and relaxation, the feature helps them keep abreast of events in the world outside the home.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day, from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, August 15: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, August 16 (from 4.30 to 4.45): The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau Session.

FRIDAY, August 17: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."

SATURDAY, August 18: Goodie Reeve presents Radio competitions, "Melody Foursomes."

SUNDAY, August 19 (4.15-5.00): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."

MONDAY, August 20: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From the Services."

TUESDAY, August 21: Goodie Reeve presents "Musical Quiz."

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FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"HELEN" and "PATRICIA"

Lovely Nightgown and Slip in Bridal Satin.

The "HELEN" nightgown is beautifully tailored, but incorporates every feminine fashion point. It is made in a delightful heavyweight satin beauté in white only. Note back view.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. busts, 69/11 (11 cpns.); 36, 38, and 40in. busts, 75/11 (11 cpns.). Postage 1/5½ extra.

Cut Out Only: With instructions for making. Sizes 32 and 34in. busts, 52/6 (11 cpns.); 36, 38, and 40in. busts, 59/11 (11 cpns.). Postage 1/5½ extra.

The "PATRICIA" slip exactly matches nightgown, but with figure-hugging skirt, flaring softly at hemline.

Ready To Wear: 32 and 34in. busts, 39/11 (8 cpns.); 36, 38, and 40in. busts, 43/11 (8 cpns.) Postage 1/4½ extra.

Cut Out Only: With instructions for making. 32 and 34in. busts, 30/11 (8 cpns.); 36, 38, and 40in. busts, 35/6 (8 cpns.) Postage 1/4½ extra.

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These dainty d'oyleys come in excellent British cotton in white, green, and lemon. Each shows floral motifs for working in pastel shades. Edges may be finished with a buttonhole-stitch or lace as illustrated. (Latter not supplied.) Price 1/- each, or set of three 2/9. Postage 2½d. extra.

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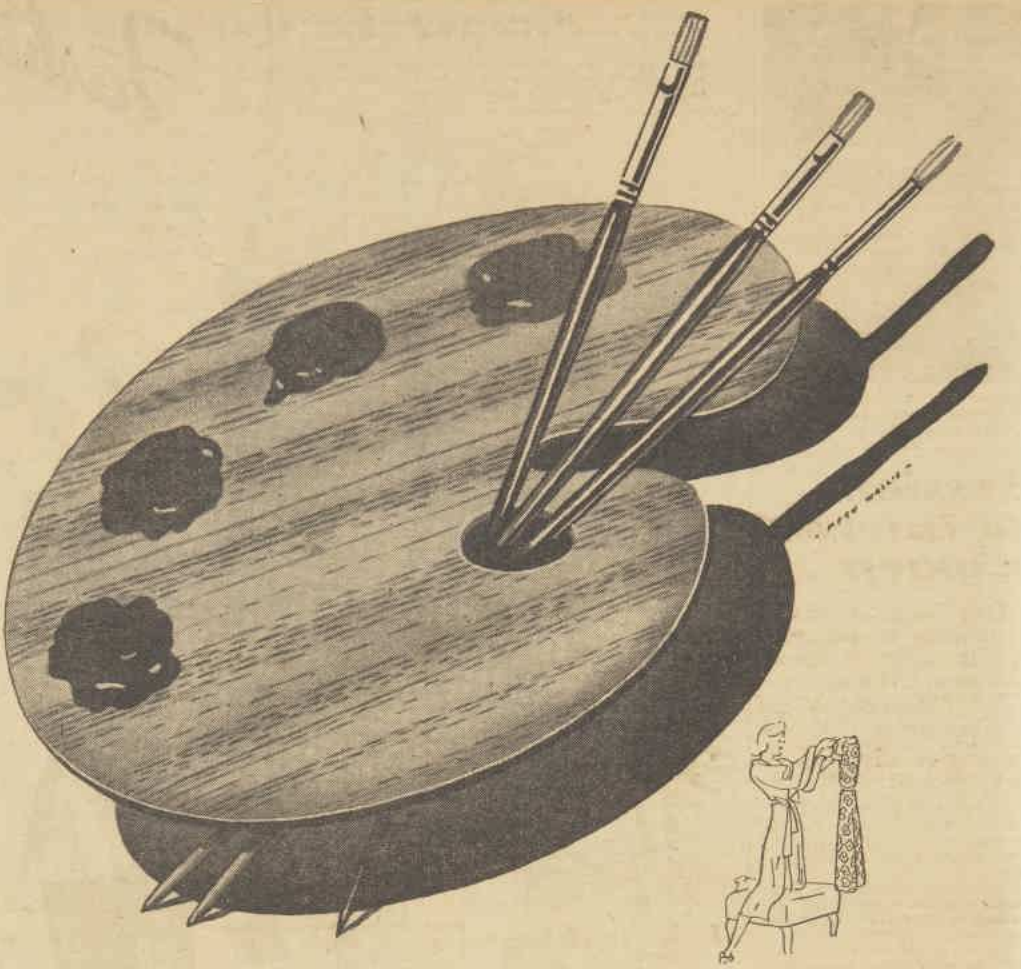
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Danger In Paradise

I SAID, "That's easy enough, Dan. She's here. Mary Bishop and Sonia Carrington are the same person."

There was a sudden commotion in the hall. The front door opened. A lot of men barged in, Max Gold in front, and right behind him was the faithful Ernie.

Max gave the place a quick professional glance. He said to Dan Crowley, "Looks as if I missed quite a party."

Dan smiled and nodded. He said, "How did you get here so quickly?"

"Somebody telephoned in that Mary Bishop had come back. They passed the report to me, as per orders. About that time we got another call. Noises from this apartment. Sounded like shooting." He looked down at the body on the floor. "They called that one right."

Crowley said, "They called both of them right, Max. Mary Bishop did come back. There she is."

He pointed to Sonia Carrington. Gold blinked. He said, "Is that right, Dan?"

"Drake says that's how it is, and my money says he probably knows. He was just going to explain."

Max looked me up and down. He said, "What's this about Mary Bishop and Mrs. Carrington?"

Crowley motioned to me to wait a moment. He walked over to a window with Max and started talking. I couldn't hear, but I had an idea he was filling in the vacant spaces: telling Gold some of the things that hadn't been mentioned before. The lieutenant's head kept bobbing up and down. Finally he said, "Thanks," and stepped into the foyer. He came back with a blanket, which he pitched over the body on the floor.

Then he swung on me. He said, "Tell it to the police, Jimmy. They're interested."

Ernie Robinson brought chairs for Iris and Sonia, and stationed himself near the telephone table. Gold took the gags out of the mouths of Lawton and Curly Ellis. He pulled them into sitting postures. Hernandez got up by himself and took a chair. It looked like a convention. All it lacked was a brass band and a few banners.

I said: "Suppose I'm wrong? I don't think I am, but I'm not a detective."

"We can check easily enough." That was Max Gold speaking. "We got a million finger-prints from this apartment the day Wally Carrington was killed. We can check those against Mrs. Carrington's. If they don't fit, we can start over again, but I think they'll match." He called a name. A tired-looking doorman ambled in. Tired, but not bored. Gold pointed to Sonia. "Did you ever see this lady before?"

"Y-y-yes, sir."

"Who is she?"

"Mary Bishop."

"Are you sure?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Fine. Now you can go."

I had been watching Sonia during the brief interview with the doorman. She hadn't moved. Her slender body was rigid, her mouth tight. Only her eyes betrayed her.

I said: "Ellis and Lawton could give you a double-check on this story if they would."

"Why should I waste time? How about Hernandez? Is he in on it, too?"

"I don't believe so. I think he's as much surprised as we are. Unless I'm all wrong, this is the first time he's ever known that Mary Bishop wasn't simply just Mary Bishop."

Max said: "You have a lot of talking to do, Drake. You might as well get going. How'd you find out all this?"

"Luck," I said.

Dan Crowley said: "Don't believe him, Max. He strung along with Curly Ellis, who was trying to get something away from Lawton. If that's what gave him the answer, it wasn't luck. It was playing the breaks."

Max said: "Let's hear it all."

I fished into my pocket and brought out the two documents which had come to me from Lawton via Curly Ellis. I opened the one with the blue back.

"This is a deed from Sonia Carrington to Howard Lawton," I said. "It conveys to him, for one dollar and other valuable consideration, the Carrington estate in Connecticut, which was a wedding present to her from Wally. The conveyance is dated six months ago, which isn't important. What does seem to be important is that it carries no notation to show that it has ever been recorded."

Max said: "What does it mean, Jimmy?"

"By itself, not very much. Coupled with other things, I'd say that Lawton had Sonia Carrington in a position where she had to jump through the hoops. He didn't record this deed because he didn't want the transfer to be generally known. She could have crossed him up by selling to an innocent third person, but he obviously wasn't afraid of that. I'd say he wasn't afraid of Sonia."

I stopped to light a cigarette. I said: "I told you in the first place this was all luck. I'm not half as smart as I sound. Here's the other thing that Curly Ellis got from Lawton and that I borrowed from Curly." I took the second document out of its envelope and held it toward Max Gold.

I said: "This is a confession. It doesn't leave much to the imagination."

"Confession?" Dan Crowley's voice was gentle. "Whose confession, Jimmy?"

"Sonia Carrington's . . . only she wasn't Sonia Carrington then. In it she confesses that she killed Arthur Robbins in Atlanta. That was the murder for which Howard Lawton was tried. If you had read this, you wouldn't have much guessing to do. All you would need to make the picture clear as crystal is a bit of logic."

Continued from page 4

Nobody said anything, so I thought I'd better go ahead.

"When Curly Ellis first came to me with this story, I passed it along to you, Dan. I don't know whether or not you told Lieutenant Gold."

"I told him."

"And I checked on the Atlanta case," grunted Max. "Only there wasn't a woman mixed up in it. Just Lawton and his partner."

I nodded. "That's right. This confession takes care of what didn't come out at the trial. Sonia was working as secretary for the firm of Robbins and Lawton. She was engaged to Lawton. The engagement hadn't been publicly announced, but that's how it was. He probably looked like a young man with a brilliant future. She didn't know that he was systematically wrecking the firm. That came out later—I got it from the newspaper clippings Ellis showed me when he came to my apartment.

"It was easy enough for Lawton to do it, the business being a partnership. But the most interesting thing—and, frankly, it's a guess and not a certainty—is that all that time Sonia's real heart-throb wasn't Lawton, but Curly Ellis."

Max said, "What gives you that idea, Jimmy?"

"That's how it had to be. We know Curly was living in Atlanta at that time. And until I began piecing things together, I never understood his interest. It wasn't simply that he hated Lawton. That wasn't enough to induce him to stick out his neck. Usually, a man takes unnecessary chances only when there's a woman involved. I figured he must be trying to protect someone. It certainly wasn't himself. Any way you looked at it, the thing added up to Sonia.

"Curly knew everything Sonia knew, so she must have told him. The only logical conclusion was that they were pretty close. And had been for a long time. The final proof came this morning. We followed Lawton to this building. We wanted to surprise him. Curly said he could get a key. That puzzled me until after I had read these papers. Then it struck me that Curly had been gone just about long enough to ride to Sonia's apartment and back again. I believe it was her key he used."

I looked at Curly and said, "Wasn't it?"

He said, "I'm not talking."

Sonia leaned forward. Her voice was flat and tired. She said, "You've got that part of it right, Jimmy. I was in love with Curly then, and I'm in love with him now."

"You were having an affair with him in Atlanta?"

"Why not? The point I'm making is that Curly isn't mixed up in this. He was trying to help. No matter what happens to me, I don't want him to be hurt."

She stopped talking. There was a lot of silence. Then Max said, "Keep pitching, sonny. What's next?"

I said, "All I've got is a theory."

"You've come up with a lot of good theories so far. Suppose you spill this one."

"My guess is that Sonia got scared after she killed Robbins. She must have been panicky when she went to Lawton. She undoubtedly told



"Oh, come on! Don't get mad."

him a lot. Whether he knew about Curly Ellis or whether he figured it out I don't know. Anyway, I believe that Robbins had found out what was going on between Sonia and Curly and threatened to tell Lawton. Of course, the confession reads another way. Sonia says that Robbins threatened her with physical violence."

"Cover up," stated Max. "They always slip in a little lie to make it look better."

"Anyway, she killed Robbins with Lawton's gun. She says she only meant to frighten him. The gun went off."

"It's funny," said Max softly. "Those guns that go off accidentally are always aimed straight."

"After shooting Mr. Robbins, Sonia walked out. Obviously no one saw her. She was not suspected—then or later. She got in touch with Lawton.

"Lawton had a nice choice. As was obvious from those clippings, he had been stealing from his partner; he stood to benefit at least to the tune of the hundred thousand which the firm carried on Robbins' life and in which Lawton was named as beneficiary. He had an alibi, but he couldn't be sure that a jury wouldn't see it differently. So he made a deal with Sonia. He'd stand trial. If he was acquitted, everything was lovely. But he refused to take any chances. In the event of a conviction he wanted to have something to show the court.

"That something was Sonia's confession. He made her put it all down. If she had refused, he could have told the police what he knew and Sonia would have been in hot water. She had to play it his way. I imagine that after Lawton had been acquitted, Sonia expected him to return the confession. But he didn't. That must have worried her."

Gold's black eyes were snapping. He shoved a cigar in his mouth and said, "How and when did Sonia become Mary Bishop?"

"I don't know. But somewhere, somehow, Lawton met Hernandez, who was apparently nothing more or less than a wealthy playboy from Bolivia. I think that's as much as Lawton ever knew."

"What makes you think that?"

"Because Lawton never knew what the cigars really stood for. He believed that Hernandez was trying to smuggle in a flock of emeralds."

"Are you guessing again?"

"No. A little while ago Lawton and Hernandez talked about emeralds. That checks in with my belief that Hernandez would have told Lawton something simple rather than the truth. What he didn't reckon with was the fact that Lawton was the kind of person who would rather have the whole thing than a reasonable split.

"Lawton had met Claude Williams and knew that Claude was an ex-convict. He knew that whatever was done had to be done the first night Iris was in town, because the chances were that she'd deliver the cigars to Hernandez the next day. Everybody in the office knew I was taking Iris out that night because I was advertising it. They were all kidding me. I loved it. On that basis, Lawton could reasonably have supposed that if he sent Claude to Iris' apartment at the time he did, there wouldn't be anybody home.

Please turn to page 24

What's on your mind?

Club problem tackled by parents

THE popular cry of the moment is "Open more clubs," "Have clubs for girls," "Keep young people off the street." Why wait for the Government to attend to this? It is a problem for the parents.

It is not impossible for the parents of one child to start a small club. Friends of mine did. It was their responsibility to see that their child had suitable companions. The natural thing was for her to bring them home. The "club idea" was born and greeted with great enthusiasm.

A round-table talk among parents was called to elect officers, name the club, and make rules. They planned to have sing-songs, parties, debates at home, also hikes and picnics. From six members they soon increased to 30. New members were proposed by an existing member, and voted for. There was no entrance fee, members paid their own way. Rules were strictly enforced. Ages ranged from 14 upwards.

Monthly meetings were conducted and half-yearly election of officers.

The parents liked the idea.

They knew the children were safe and under the supervision of adults. They were welcome to come and meet the members. Through the children many parents became friends.

£1 to "Margaret Hargraves."

Trousers

MRS. W. LYONS (9/6/'45) complains of the lack of patterns for men's clothing.

What is wrong with unpicking a pair of your husband's pre-war trousers and thus obtaining your own pattern? I have been doing this since the war began and will always continue to do so. With two and a half yards of 54in. material I make two pairs of trousers for the price of one pair.

In the unpicking, many trade secrets are also revealed.

5/- to Mrs. W. Perrin, Mansfield P.O., Vic.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 9. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for the first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

English penfriend

A FRIEND lent me an Australian Women's Weekly (30/12/'44). I read with interest "Strangers can be friends" in the column What's On Your Mind?—and think this is very true.

I wondered if some mother would like to write to me and exchange ideas. I am 30 years of age and have been married eight years and have three children and a stepson aged 13.

5/- to Mrs. Ruby Osborn, 118 Englefield Rd., Islington, London, N1.

Forty-five and over

ONE cannot help admiring the shop assistants of 45 and over employed during wartime. Their courtesy and attentiveness are outstanding.

The majority of junior assistants do not seem to bother whether the



customer is served or not. They continue to powder their faces, apply lipstick, or discuss with a fellow assistant how they spent their last evening.

5/- to Mrs. Daisy Wiebe, South Hurstville, N.S.W.

Refresher courses

WHAT about a refresher course for adults in arithmetic, English, and general knowledge?

This could be done by a correspondence course where personal tuition is not obtainable and would be a great help to parents. It would improve speech; also give a better understanding of difficulties in their children's studies.

To many who left school at an early age it would clarify things only dimly understood in youth and be of practical assistance in the problems that confront the housewife and breadwinner in middle life.

5/- to J. Curran, 15 Thomas St., Dandenong, Vic.

Languages for business

IT is difficult to understand why the majority of young Australians are not in favor of learning any foreign language.

In our "new order," when the Dutch and French once more take over their nearby possessions, there will be closer business and friendly relations than before. We realise that the future may open up bigger imports and exports to and from Russia. In order to co-operate it is essential that somebody must understand the language of the people.

5/- to Mrs. D. McGrath, Timmsvale, via Coramba, N.S.W.

Postwar tourist trade

OUR poets, painters, and writers have done their share toward making Australia's natural beauties more widely known and appreciated. Why can't the film industry?

With apologies to Sydney and North Queensland, why merely present pictures of our harbor and the Barrier Reef for overseas release. The unique and rugged Warrumbungles; Adelaide in almond-blossom time; the Derwent Valley; the Blue Mountains and northern rain forests are all first-class subjects.

We need an enterprising film unit if we are to attract postwar tourist trade.

5/- to Miss B. Stephens, Gail St., Kedron, Brisbane.

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Film Reviews

★★ PRACTICALLY YOURS

TEAMED again by Paramount in romantic comedy, Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray give their usual crisp performances in one of those "official fiance plots."

In addition to the comedy, there is some pretty neat satire directed against the ridiculous over-heroic publicity given by some business firms to their returning servicemen employees.

The plot is about Navy flier Dan Bellamy (MacMurray), whose final radio message to his dog, before he disappears in combat in the Pacific, is taken at home to mean a message to a co-worker, Peggy Martin (Colbert). Dan is rescued and brought home in a blaze of glory, to find he has a fiancee. There is so much publicity that he and Peggy decide to continue their apparent romance.

Supporting cast has Cecil Kellaway as the pompous, well-meaning millionaire employer, who inspires the publicity. Robert Benchley wasted in a minute part, Rosemary De Camp and Jane Frazee.—Prince Edward; showing.

★ STRANGE AFFAIR

COLUMBIA'S script writer really let his head go in this comedy-murder mystery, and piled mad antics and crazy situations on top of each other to an overwhelming degree. In the story of the amateur sleuth and his willing but dizzy wife, everyone except Allyn Joslyn, as the sleuth, tries too hard. Joslyn has a flair for comedy and Columbia should continue giving him similar roles, but Evelyn Keyes, as his wife, is just too coy for words. Marguerite Chapman as a mystery girl is far better.—Civic; showing.

★ POWER OF THE WHISTLER

STRONGER direction by Lew Landers would have saved this Columbia release from being just another mediocre thriller. Starring Richard Dix as a victim of amnesia, who becomes a homicidal maniac (this sort of thing has been done before and far better), the plot flags and becomes wearisome. Dix has done more capable jobs, but two girls, Janis Carter and Jeff Donnell, give sincere and capable performances. Sprightly Jeff seems destined for better films than this one.—Cameo and Lyric; showing.



INFORMAL GATHERING round piano at MGM when Jimmy Durante sings comedy number for the entertainment of Gloria De Haven, John Payne, Bob Walker, Esther Williams, and Van Johnson. Jimmy will soon be seen in "Music for Millions," starring Margaret O'Brien.

Hollywood party has R.A.A.F. guests

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

A SWIMMING party preceded cocktails and buffet supper for a hundred Hollywood personalities when English actor Geoffrey Steele and pretty blonde actress wife Mildred Shaw arranged a gay gathering at the ranch home of scenario writer Karen de Wolfe.

R.A.A.F. officers drew admiring eyes as they gave an impromptu diving exhibition. They were Group-Captain W. H. Garing, Wing-Commander John Hanbury, and Squadron-Leader Stuart Middlemiss. Australian actresses Ann Richards, Jean Winfield, and Dale Melbourne sipped ginger ale under the trees, making an attractive group in bright cotton dresses.

Splashing happily in a deep blue pool under walnut trees were Marjorie Reynolds, Brenda Marshall, Alan Curtis, Helmut Dantine, David Bruce, and Mischa Auer.

Australian actor Edward Ashley, with his tiny wife, Renee Torres, beamed happily as his friends confided how well Edward's first starring film with Virginia Bruce was received in an out-of-town preview. The film is called "Love, Honor, and Good-bye." After the buffet supper in the garden, a violin recital and dancing followed till midnight.

* * *

THE startling new bushy hair-do which Elsa Maxwell was wearing at a recent broadcast attracted much attention. Elsa attributes the effect to a home permanent wave which Mrs. Darryl Zanuck gave her in an experiment. "She left the solution on too long," says Elsa.

* * *

IT is rumored that Howard Hughes' picture, "The Outlaw," starring Jane Russell, will be ready for release next spring. "The Outlaw" caused quite a stir at the Hays Office when it was completed four years ago, but it is now reported that all censorable material has been deleted.

Danger In Paradise

Continued from page 23

"HE didn't know that Iris and I had planned to get home early and spend a long, cosy evening. As it was, we only got there a few minutes before Williams would have been gone."

"Not gaudy," commented Max, "but neat. What I don't get is your angle on Sonia killing Margie Brett. Admitting she did, how'd you know it?"

"It looked like Lawton," I said frankly. "Except that he didn't know Williams had the wrong cigars, and also that even after reading this confession I couldn't see why he'd take such a chance. From the beginning he didn't shape up as the kind of a lad who would kill a girl and then run down to the garage and slug George Lee just to make it look as if an outsider did it."

"Who slugged him, then?"

"An outsider."

"You wouldn't happen to know his name, would you?"

"No. But I think it was somebody who worked for Hernandez."

Gold looked at Dan Crowley. He said, "The more you hear, the less you know."

I said, "Let's go back a little. We know the tie-up between Sonia and Lawton. We understand the hold he had on her. I never believed it was just coincidence that sent Lawton to our studio looking for a job. He got that job through Sonia. Is it too much to presume that when Lawton decided to work on Hernandez, he turned the job over to Sonia?

"How friendly they were as a trio I haven't the faintest idea. But they must have been pretty friendly because otherwise Lawton wouldn't have known anything about the cigars, regardless of what they contained. Mary Bishop shapes up as Lawton's inside track to Hernandez."

"We have all that clear," said Gold. "But I still don't see why Sonia should kill Margie Brett."

"Margie was the telephone operator at the studio. Is it carrying things too far to presume she overheard a telephone conversation between Sonia and Lawton?"

"You have an angle, Jimmy. Stretch it a little."

"I'm still fumbling."

I said, "Ever since Hernandez' friends gave me a pasting, I've known that Margie was killed by a woman."

"What gave you that idea?"

"Those two men quizzed Iris first. They were positive that she had killed Margie. I knew she hadn't. But if they were so sure, it must have been because the murder was witnessed by someone Hernandez sent for the cigars. That someone saw a woman kill Margie."

Gold said softly, "I begin to get it. Margie Brett is worried. She's got hold of a something and doesn't know what to do with it. Sonia hears Margie talking with Miss Randall—she told me that herself. She knows, or suspects, that her telephone conversation has been overheard. She knows they're going to meet in your office. She sees Margie leave the gallery for your office, and she also sees that Miss Randall won't get free for a little while as she's caught in the middle of a bunch of customers. So she has enough time."

Gold was standing up, rocking back and forth on his heels, hands clasped behind his back.

"Sonia follows Margie into your office. She's got to work fast. She either already knows Margie's got wise, or she finds out then. That isn't any good. It wouldn't sit well with her husband. Not about her taking another name and having fun with our good-looking Bolivian friend.

"Meanwhile, the guy Hernandez has sent to look for the cigars walks into the garage and hits George Lee. He comes upstairs and opens the door of your office just in time to see a woman shoot Margie. He isn't walking into a mess like that, so he stays where he is. He doesn't hear any excitement. So he waits a little while, and then slips in. He sees a woman standing in the middle of the room holding a gun. But he doesn't know it isn't the same one. This time it's Miss Randall.

"He knocks her silly, looks for the cigars, doesn't find them, and when he goes back to his boss he states positively that Miss Randall did the shooting."

He looked at me, and I looked right back at him. I said, "Let's have more of it."

Gold was pleased. He said, "That ties in Carrington, too. I understand he'd been worried for several days before he was murdered."

"Everybody in the studio noticed it."

"He wanted to meet Hernandez. That meant he had an idea. There were a dozen ways he could have found out where Hernandez and his wife were meeting. He hears that she's on her way here. He follows. She's in a panic. Everything's tumbling down. Maybe even the Atlanta murder will rise up and smack her. She's already killed two people. The third isn't too hard to do. Murders happen that way. So she kills her husband. She walks out. That's the way it must have been, but we can't convict on that. What we need is evidence."

I said, "I think I can supply that, Max. Just before Wally left the office the afternoon he was killed, Penny Atkins, his secretary, handed him a jade cigarette case. It belonged to Sonia. Penny had just brought it from the jeweller where it had been sent to be repaired.

"Wally had a thousand things on his mind. He dropped that jade cigarette case into his pocket. He said he'd give it to Sonia. But he didn't give it to her at home because he didn't go there. He came straight here.

"The night of his death, I went to Sonia's apartment with Iris. Usual condolence visit. Sonia was holding up nicely. She was grief-stricken, but still the hostess. She passed us some cigarettes. They were in the same jade case that Wally had taken with him that afternoon. He had it with him when he met Sonia at this apartment. They must have had a violent scene. My idea is that the cigarette case fell out of his pocket. Certainly, she wasn't going to leave it to be found there. It could easily be traced to her, and she didn't want to be questioned too closely. So she did the natural thing. She picked it up and took it with her when she left.

"It didn't register with me that night. Actually, I never thought of it until I realised that Herdandez' friends were convinced that Margie Brett had been killed by a woman. Then it clicked."

I stopped talking. Max walked over to Sonia, and his voice was gentle. "Do you want to say anything?"

She looked up at him with tired eyes. She said, "It wouldn't be much use, would it?"

Curly said, from across the room, "Don't say anything more, Sonia. Now or later."

She looked at him. I felt sorry for both of them. I felt sorry because I believed they were in love with each other and they weren't going to get anywhere with it.

The apartment was full of technical boys from headquarters. They had work to do and were impatient to start doing it. Gold turned Ellis, Lawton, and Hernandez over to a detail headed by Ernie Robinson. He shooed Crowley and Iris and myself out of the room. He grinned at me and said, "I have a sweet piece of news for you: Claude Williams was picked up in Rochester last night. He hadn't a chance to get away."

Max walked out. The kitchen was quiet and peaceful. Dan Crowley said, "I don't need to tell you that you've done a nice piece of work, Jimmy."

I didn't say anything. I just stood there hoping I didn't look quite as foolish as I felt.

Crowley went on in his gentle, whispery voice: "I've been seeing things, too."

"What sort of things?"

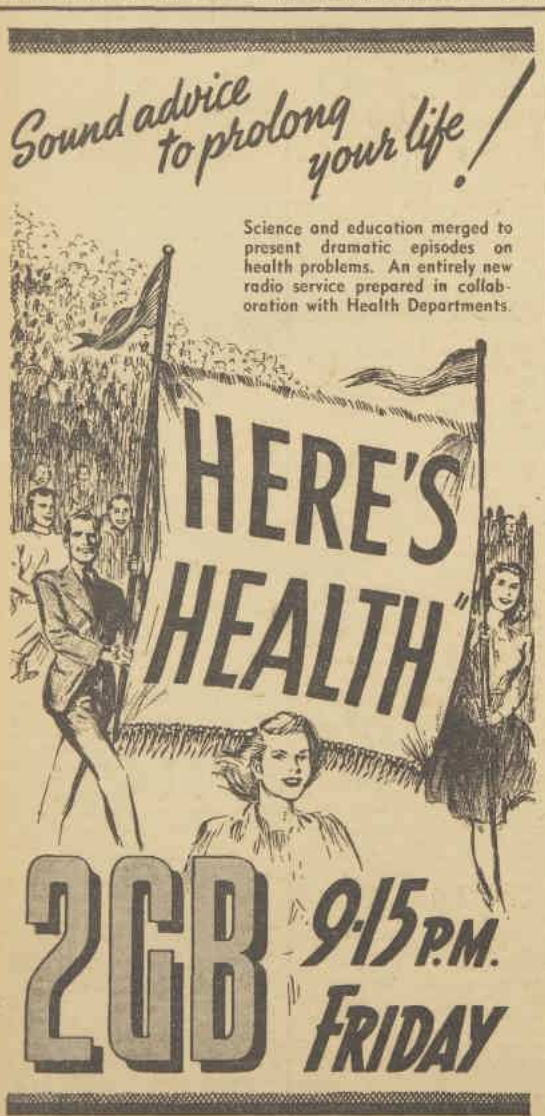
"You and Iris. I know how it is."

He held out a big hand and grabbed mine. He said, "Good luck, feller. From now on it'll be smooth sailing for the pair of you."

He left us alone. Iris started to cry. I felt like doing the same thing.

She came close and put her arms round me. She commenced talking but didn't say much. You can't talk when you're being kissed.

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● *WALT DISNEY'S latest feature film, "The Three Caballeros," combines animated cartoons with live actors for first time. Story based on adventures of Donald Duck, Joe Carioca the Mexican parrot, Panchito the rooster, and other quaint characters.*

Movie World





● *Through new technical devices Aurora Miranda, younger sister of Carmen, dances with Donald Duck and his friends in the Brazilian sequences during "The Three Caballeros." Donald Duck spends his birthday on a whirlwind tour of South America.*

● *Quaint animated cartoons of children form part of kaleidoscopic pattern of brilliant coloring and music. Spirited new dance called "Samba Jongo" and seven songs add to gaiety of film, which took two years to process.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726466

House hunt in Hollywood

Even famous stars despair of finding homes

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

House-hunting is a feature of Hollywood life to-day, even for the greatest film stars.

After a working-day many of them have no time for dancing, bowling, or swimming parties. They are travelling miles in a search for a home.



HANDSOME STAR Cornel Wilde is among the legion of Hollywood house-hunters. He hopes to find a home for his wife and baby girl.

ROSALIND RUSSELL told me, "Cornel Wilde, Evelyn Keyes, and I have formed a house-hunters pool. We all want different style houses, so we keep our eyes open for each other. I house-hunt most days after work."

Cornel Wilde sent his baby and wife to live with his grandparents while he was house-hunting. Cornel told me he was so desperate he considered living on Humphrey Bogart's yacht in the harbor, but he now has a possibility of getting a house.

Blonde singer Susanna Foster is desperately seeking a house. She has moved three times this year because the neighbors object to her singing. Evidently free concerts by top-singing stars are not appealing.

The hardest hit in the present housing shortage are the stars with young children, as landlords are not anxious to have youngsters, even though they have famous parents.

Dennis Morgan and his wife were seeking a larger home for themselves and their three children. They discovered a charming ranch-house set in spacious lawns with a swimming pool and brook and set their hearts on buying it, even though the price was high.

Next day Mrs. Morgan determined to buy the house while her husband was at work at Warner Bros. studios.

She drove out to the ranch, but the owner told her that it was already sold. With tears in her eyes Lillian told Dennis her disappointment, saying, "I wanted to buy it and surprise you, but it was sold."

Dennis laughed. "Sure it is, honey. I bought it before reporting to work this morning," he said.

Dressing-room home

WHEN Peggy Ann Garner's father, who is a First Lieutenant in the U.S. Army, visited his wife and daughter in Hollywood, they did not have a home for him, so the family moved into Shirley Temple's old bungalow dressing-room on the Fox lot, where they lived for months.

Shirley's bungalow is completely equipped with a kitchen, bath, bedroom, and sitting-room, and is now Peggy Ann's home.

Eleanor Powell's husband, Glenn Ford, who is back making films after seeing service with the U.S. Marine Corps, was asked to vacate his house due to the landlord's needing it for his own use. Glenn was forced to move in with his mother.

"It was like our courting days. I had to visit Eleanor at her home when I wanted to see her. Thank goodness, now I have found another home for us," said Glenn.

Hollywood's newlyweds face the shortage with similar anxiety. Humphrey Bogart and his bride, Lauren Bacall, consider themselves very lucky in getting an enormous house, which is really too big for their needs, but Humphrey said: "It has two radio-phonographs, so we bought it. Lauren and I both like packing records on phonographs and listening all day."

Joan Leslie's picture, titled "Janie Gets Married," features a completely equipped dream cottage built on the sound-stage. The house comprises features which overseas soldiers have suggested for their postwar dream houses in letters which Warners have received.

Joan is so delighted with the cottage that she has arranged to keep the plans and miniature of the set's building for her own use.

"Some day, when building materials are released and we can all build our dream house again, I want a replica of my Janie cottage for my very own," the red-haired actress said dreamily. "Until then I will continue living with my mother and sisters. By the way, you don't know anybody with a house for rent or sale, do you?"

This question is heard daily on sound-stages, in restaurants and dressing-rooms as stars doff make-up and start their house-hunting after hours.

Friends envy this lucky pair

TALL, blond Paramount comedy star Sonny Tufts has been wearing a triumphant smile since he and his wife Barbara finally managed to buy a home recently.

It is the first they have owned in their seven years of marriage, and is several miles out of Hollywood, in a small valley accessible only by car.

The delightful eight-room ranch-style building is being furnished to Barbara's own design. She has collected some beautiful old mahogany and china, and is making many of the curtains and chair-covers herself. The Tufts have no staff, so their kitchen is planned with the latest labor-saving devices.



HAPPY FUTURE for the Glenn Ford family of three, as Glenn has just found a home for them. Mrs. Ford was dancer Eleanor Powell.

How to make port with the navy

BY ALLEYNE LESLIE



DON'T refer patronisingly to your Navy man's ship. It's your most serious rival, you know, and he's very proud of her.

DO *praise his ship whenever you can. And, remember, a naval man's other pride! Every sailor loves a girl who's smart enough to own a luscious, well-cared for complexion. A film of Erasmic Vanishing Cream under your powder will give the velvety finish that makes all men ask: "Who is that stunning girl?" and the man say: "Angel, I didn't know anyone could be so lovely!"*



DON'T try to score with your friends at the office by pretending you have inside information about the movements of your sailor's ship. It could only be a black mark against him.

DO *be the soul of discretion and improve the golden moments while he's away by nightly use of Erasmic Cold Cream. Rich in smooth fine oils, it floats out dirt, makes skin soft and youthful. When he comes back, you'll have chances galore to be "the luckiest girl" with "the handsomest man" in town.*



DON'T embarrass him by bringing out your compact and powdering when you're both entertaining fellow officers.

DO *be ready for such occasions by looking sweet and knowing it. No worry of shiny nose if you're using Erasmic Face Powder. It holds for hours; yes, even through the close-range work most sailors like to try!*

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Are You Always Tired?

When your rest is disturbed, you are tired and worn out on arising in the morning—totally unfit for the day's work. You may not know it, but your kidneys are nearly always to blame.

The longer you have suffered from any symptom of kidney and bladder trouble, the more you owe it to your health to heed the warnings, and take immediate steps to correct the cause of sleepless nights and days of misery, discomfort, and inconvenience. When the kidneys do not function properly, waste matter and poisonous acids stay in the blood, causing backache, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, leg pains, swollen feet and ankles, dizziness, puffiness under the eyes, and excess uric acid.

Don't delay. Neglect is dangerous. Take DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS. They strengthen and regulate the kidneys and bladder; relieve pain, and aid in ridding the system of harmful wastes and acid poisons. Get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS today.

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PEPLUM TOPS... *with skirts long or short*



• Sheer black overblouse to wear with a long or short skirt, has a frilled peplum and is dotted all over with small multi-colored bows.

• Red crepe for a perfect tailored, sleeveless top. The neck cut low at the back, the waist very nipped-in, and accented by the pleated bustle peplum. It will go over a short as well as a long skirt. (Left.)

• That dinner-time look—a long black sheath skirt and a soft, pretty overblouse. In pastel-blue pleated crepe this sleeveless top has a wide, extended shoulder-line and a tiny hip frill. (Left centre.)

• The same basic skirt and over it this time a lovely white lace tunic, with very low neck, fitted bodice, and full tunic peplum. (Right centre.)

• Chenille spotted marquisette for a simple, lovely top. It is sleeveless, jewel accent on the neck and waistline, the peplum flared and two-tiered. (Above.)

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HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

Don't fear High Blood Pressure, because simple High Blood Pressure can be controlled and brought to a safe level by taking a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids and following the Menthoid Diet Chart.

Constant headaches, poor circulation, failing sight, failing memory, dizziness, flushes, and kidney and bladder weaknesses are often caused by High Blood Pressure.

If you suffer in this way, start a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, the new prescription for High Blood Pressure—to banish aches and pains, improve circulation, purify your blood, and give you new energy and good health.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids contain no drugs and are safe for the most delicate patient. Get a 6/6 flask of 80 Menthoids (month's treatment), or 3/6 (12-day) flask of 36, from your nearest chemist or store to-day.

Be Sure to Get
Genuine DR. MACKENZIE'S
MENTHOIDS



Eat and grow slim



SLIM AND VITAL because she eats the right foods. Loretta Young, Paramount star, devotes great attention to scientifically correct diet.



A GRANDMOTHER, and look at her figure—Spring Byington, well-known 20th Century-Fox actress.

A WOMAN who wishes to keep vitally fit and slim may do so simply by eating the right kind of food.

"Is there anything I can do to stop putting on weight?" asked Mrs. Hegarty. "My husband has been in New Guinea for eighteen months—he's due home next week. Since he's been away, I've put on nearly three stone, and I'm just afraid of what he'll say! I'm only twenty-five, too."

"The year 1945 will go down in Australia's history as the fattening year," I said. "But, fortunately, modern science has discovered the reason why, and has given women the power to control their weight, without reducing their calories."

"What's the new discovery, doctor, tell me quickly," exclaimed Mrs. Hegarty.

"It's the result of piecing together a lot of little facts which have been known for a long time. Firstly, where in the world do you find the women with the neatest figures?"

"Hollywood film stars, I should say."

"That's right," I replied, "and what do they live on?"

"Salad vegetables and fruit juices seem to be a big item."

"That's true. Now, tell me another country, that is noted for its trim women."

"Would it be Scotland?"

"Yes, and the traditional diet is oatmeal and milk. The Irish colleen, too, is noted for her peaches and cream complexion, her winsome figure, and she goes in for potatoes and milk—no, potatoes are not fattening.

"Now, take the people of England during the war. There were two foods which were not rationed. One was potatoes, and the other was National wheatmeal bread. Also, the women of England had more milk in their ration than they normally had in peacetime. **Sugar, cakes sweets, and biscuits were very scarce.**

"Have you ever seen any Chinese women?" I continued.

"Well, if Mrs. Chiang Kai-shek is an example, I wish I had a figure like hers," she said.

"The middle-class Chinese lives on unpolished rice, lightly cooked vegetables, soya bean, and pork. Only one more question, and then I'll tell you where all this is getting us. What country produces the fattest women in normal times?" I asked.

"I suppose it would be the Italians."

"The Italian national food is pasta (macaroni and spaghetti), white bread, and olive oil. The macaroni is made from white flour."

"Australians eat a lot of white flour as bread and jam, cakes and biscuits, don't they?" said Mrs. Hegarty, "and many seem to have bother with their figures."

"I'm afraid they do," I replied. "Now we'll draw a line on a piece of paper—above the line we'll make a list of the foods which are eaten by the world's people who have good figures. Below the line we'll put the foods which are eaten by people who don't eat such a good figure." And this is what we got:—

Above the line:

Animal Foods: Milk, pork. (Then comes liver, beef, and chicken.)

Vegetable Foods: Potatoes, salad vegetables, fruits and fruit juices, soya bean (legumes).

Cereal Foods: Oatmeal, wheatmeal bread, unpolished rice.

Below the line:

White bread, cakes, jam, macaroni, sweets, sugar, biscuits.

"Now, what science has found out is that the foods which are above the line contain a lot of something of which the foods below the line have very little. This is called 'thiamin.' It is only present in very small amounts even in the foods above the line, and it is only recently that special methods have been devised for measuring it.

"Overweight can be a symptom of the malnutrition resulting from too little thiamin in the daily food. If the human body cannot make use of the calories in the food eaten, it is either half-burnt and passed out through the kidneys or else it is stored as fat."

"Why did you say that this was a fattening year for Australians?" asked Mrs. Hegarty.

"Because there have been fewer above-the-line foods available."

"Well," said Mrs. Hegarty, "I'll cut down on the white bread, cakes, biscuits, and pastries, and strive to get more wheatmeal bread, the right breakfast food, drink more milk, eat more liver—when I can get it—and certainly concentrate on salads and fruit juices. I'll eat and grow slim, all right!"

By MEDICO

YOUNG AMERICAN BEAUTY



Miss Constance McCormick

A lovely member of a well-known American family, Miss Constance McCormick is an enthusiastic user of Pond's Two Creams. "Pond's Cold Cream is such a lovely, silky cream to use and it keeps my skin looking smooth and soft". About Pond's Vanishing Cream, she says it makes her face "smoother and ready to take powder evenly".

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STOP that COLD

Now! with 'ASPRO'



'ASPRO' will quickly smash a Cold or 'Flu attack . . . !

PROMPTNESS is half the battle in dealing with colds and 'flu. However trifling your cold may seem—DON'T GIVE IT A CHANCE! SMASH IT UP NOW—YOU CAN DO IT WITH 'ASPRO.' 'Aspro' is an antipyretic or fever-reducer. It is also a powerful antiseptic after ingestion in the system. The wonderful qualities of 'Aspro' strike hard at the very root of colds and 'flu arresting the cause of the trouble and giving nature's healing forces a chance to do their work.

Tonight—take 'Aspro.' Directions on every packet. 2/45

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ENSIGN TIES THE BEST



UNHOUSED CYMBIDIUMS grown and flowering profusely under gum-trees at Castle Hill, N.S.W. These fine plants thrive in pots filled with nothing but leaf-mould.

ORCHIDS CAN BE GROWN UNDER TREES

● No flower introduced into Australia since white settlement began has enjoyed greater popularity than the cymbidium orchid, and anyone can grow this type.

—says OUR HOME GARDENER.

ITS ease of culture, hardiness and comparative pest and disease immunity have placed it on a parallel with the rose, dahlia, carnation, and chrysanthemum — with many points ahead of all of them in its favor.

In recent years exhibitions of orchids, in which cymbidiums predominated, have attracted more patrons and devotees than those of any other individual flower.

And during the next two months throughout the eastern States of the Commonwealth this advance-patrol of spring will come out an easy winner in popularity.

Although a true epiphyte (air plant), or one that grows upon trees without being parasitic upon them, the cymbidium has settled down to a humdrum existence in pots of various sorts of soil, composts and mixtures of soil, fibres, and manures.

Undoubtedly this epiphyte, which has more or less become a terrestrial, or earth-lover, will grow and flower best in a mixture of good leaf-mould, chopped todea fibre, and old cow manure.

Some grow cymbidiums in nothing but leaf-mould with plenty of old bones or crocks for drainage. Others mix their composts most carefully, almost weighing every ingredient.

The plants have shown us, however, that there are two things they detest—much shade and bad drainage. For that reason most growers in Queensland and the warmer parts of N.S.W. grow them exclusively under trees out of doors, or under the lightest coverings of tea-tree cuttings and wire-netting.

Hothouse culture suits the frailer members of this family, and is undoubtedly desirable for the more exotic hybrids, but the hardy species and many hybrids do well in the warmer districts without cover at all except on fiercely hot days or long, cold, windy periods.

In the cooler parts of the Commonwealth these plants, which are natives of India, Siam, and Burma, should be grown under glass.

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The green lotion in the round bottle with the orange label is the original Olive Oil Lotion

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MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says:

WHITE wickerwork can be cleaned by scrubbing it with warm salty water.

* * *

DAMP salt will usually remove mildew stains from black silk. Rub well in and leave for some time before brushing off.

* * *

GIVE mirrors a treat. Wash, dry, then rub on a little methylated spirit and polish with a fine duster.

* * *

REMOVE that burned surface from your cake by rubbing it lightly with a grater.

Watch their health

By SISTER MARY JACOB

IF there is any departure from Nature's laws of healthy living, which affects in some way the delicately adjusted systems of our bodies, there are soon signs of trouble.

Nature gives us warnings of these troubles to come, and if these warning signals are disregarded serious troubles may develop, and we have only ourselves to blame for our neglect to take preventive measures.

Every young mother should learn to recognise these warnings, as troubles met with in early infancy are often due to wrong feeding methods.

In the pre-school age toddlers often come in contact with children attending schools, and are then exposed to various forms of infection.

A leaflet giving some of these danger signals has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, and a copy will be forwarded if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to the above address.

EYES refreshed

Two drops of Murine in your eyes morning and night is the modern way to soothe, cleanse and refresh aching eyes. Its seven special ingredients completely wash away burning and tiredness.

MURINE For Your EYES

FULL SUPPLIES OF AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER AVAILABLE FROM YOUR GROCER!

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ALL OCCASION Frocks!

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ME1WS. Matson's Floral British CREPE FROCK, shirt-styled, revers neckline. White piping outlining bust-line, gored skirt and tie sash. Shades of Saxe, Red, Rose, Green and a big range of multi-colour semi-tones. In W, SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS, XXXOS sizes 29/11
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MG2WS. DRESSMAKER SUIT in a crease-resisting Linen suiting. Tailored revers neckline and belt, skirt has two knife-pleats either side of skirt front. Shades: Aqua, Rose, Sky, Blue, and Saxe. SSW, SW, W, SOS. PRICE 39/9
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ME3WS. Matson's British Crepe AFTERNOON FROCK, self small frill outlining V-neckline and bodice yoke, gored skirt and tie sash. Shades: Black, Navy. Sizes W, SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS, XXXOS. PRICE 39/6
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DINNER MENU, short and simple, but very, very nice. The pancake batter can be whisked in a jiffy for the meat cannelons; the vegetables are easy to prepare; sponge cake is the basis of sweet. See recipes.

Quick to Fix!

By OLWEN FRANCIS
Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

HERE'S a dinner menu that pampers the family without fussing.

Parsley Cream Chowder
Meat Cannelons
Brussels Sprouts, Grilled Pineapple
Minted Tomatoes
Side Salad
Rhubarb and Passionfruit Trifle
Coffee

PARSLEY CREAM CHOWDER

One pound potatoes, 2 cups water, 1 onion, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 2 cups milk, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon butter, dash of nutmeg, about 2 cup chopped parsley.

Dice potatoes and simmer with chopped onion, water, pepper and salt until tender. Add milk and flour, blended with a little cold liquid. Simmer few minutes, and add butter, nutmeg, and parsley. Correct seasoning to taste, and serve piping hot with cheese, biscuits, or bread cubes. A little grated orange rind added gives extra interest. For four.

MEAT CANNELONS

Four ounces flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon baking powder, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 1 dessertspoon melted shortening, 2 cups cooked, minced meat (fresh or salted), dessertspoon flour and seasonings.

Sift flour, salt, and baking powder. Beat egg, add milk, and mix to a smooth batter with the flour. Add shortening (may be omitted.) Pour into a jug. Melt a little fat in a frying-pan. Pour in enough batter to cover pan thinly. Cook gently until golden brown, loosening edge with knife. Toss or turn and cook other side, slip on to kitchen paper on hot dish. Continue cooking, allowing two pancakes per person. Heat meat with a little milk, bind with a little flour (about one dessertspoon), and season with tomato sauce or chutney and a pinch of herbs. Spread meat over pancakes, roll firmly, and pack together on hot dish. Serve very hot with vegetables. Minced chicken or flaked fish is delicious as a filling for these cannelons. For four.

MINTED TOMATOES

Four tomatoes, 1 tablespoon margarine, bacon fat or salad oil, 1 dessertspoon brown sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon chopped mint.

Wash tomatoes and cut in quarters. Heat fat, sugar, salt, and mint together, add tomatoes, cover and heat gently for few minutes until thoroughly hot. For four.

SIDE-SALAD

One small lettuce, 1 medium carrot, 1 medium turnip, stick of white celery, 2 tablespoons salad oil, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon orange juice, few drops onion juice, dash of salt and pepper, ¼ teaspoon sugar.

Wash lettuce and cut carrot and turnip into strips, or grate. Cut celery into inch pieces and cut down with knife. Crisp in cold water. Combine dressing ingredients and whisk well. Drain salad vegetables in cloth. Toss in dressing and serve.

RHUBARB AND PASSIONFRUIT TRIFLE

Half sponge sandwich, 2 cups stewed rhubarb, 1 orange, 2 passionfruit, 1 egg-white beaten with 2 tablespoons sugar or 2 tablespoons mock cream.

Slice sponge across in halves, and moisten lower half with orange juice and sprinkle with grated rind. Cover with half rhubarb, and top with cake. Spread remaining rhubarb over top. Whisk egg-white and sugar over boiling water for 2 or 3 minutes, and whisk in the passionfruit pulp, or add pulp to mock cream. Spoon on top of cake. Cut into wedges or other shapes. May be heated if liked and served hot. For four.

WHIP-UP THESE IN A JIFFY

Cherry Rhubarb Fluff . . . Spoon a very soft orange-flavored scone dough on to hot rhubarb, cover tightly, and cook 15 to 20 minutes . . . dust with cinnamon. For Monday dinner.

Rarebit Eggs in bread cassolettes . . . Cut thick slices of bread, scoop out centre, moisten with milk, season well, brush with margarine or salad oil and brown in oven . . . drop egg into each well, bake in oven . . . pour welsh rabbit over and dust with parsley or paprika. For Saturday supper.

Snipped Fruit Ring . . . Mix 1lb. self-raising flour into soft scone dough . . . roll to long oblong and spread thickly with marmalade, dust with nutmeg, and cover thickly with mixed fruit. Moisten edges, form into long roll, twist into round, and with scissors snip outside edge at 1in. intervals. Bake in very hot oven (450deg. F.) for 25 minutes. Serve freshly made in slices with honey or peanut butter. For unexpected guests.

Rhubarb Superb . . . Chill to icy coldness cherry rhubarb cooked in honey . . . mix with orange juice and spot of rind and mingle with diced banana . . . serve with sugar biscuits in individual glasses. For Sunday best.

Haddock with Mushrooms . . . Poach haddock in boiling water until white and flaky . . . season with lemon and top with white sauce to which sauteed mushrooms have been added. Serve for breakfast and whistle off to work.

Pear Fritters with honey . . . Slice pears into a fritter batter and deep-fry in spoonfuls in fuming fat . . . serve with honey. First-rate after mixed grill.

Apple Butterscotch Rolls . . . Make a soft scone dough, roll to thin oblong, spread with butter or margarine, sprinkle thickly with brown sugar and then grated apple . . . roll, slice in 1in. whirls and bake in a hot oven (450deg. F.) for 15 or 20 minutes. Serve hot and freshly made with honey or lemon butter or marmalade. For breakfast, lunch, or dinner.

Creamed Corned Lamb . . . Buy cooked corned neck or breast of mutton, strip meat from bone . . . heat in creamy white sauce seasoned with onion juice, chopped parsley, and a squeeze of lemon . . . Serve with grilled tomatoes and toast with crisp green side-salad.

Mixed Grill with savory fruits . . . Grill 1 cutlet, 1 sausage and ½ kidney for each person, and grill or fry ½ slice pineapple, ½ banana, and wedge of orange for each person. Baste fruit with margarine, bacon fat, or salad oil during cooking. Serve also minted or cheesed potato. For business-woman-cum-housewife dinner.

Hamburg Bacon Rolls . . . Pound minced steak with little onion, seasoning of lemon juice, and pepper and salt. Spread on bacon rashers with rind removed; roll and skewer. Grill very slowly. Serve with hot vegetables. For any night dinner.

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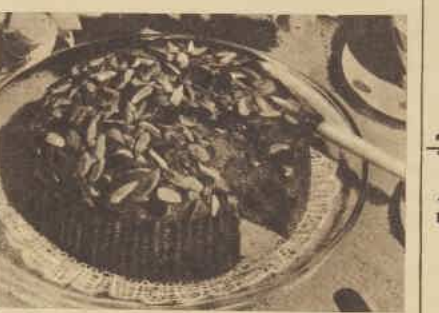
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THEY'RE GROWING UP . . . Happy birthday for the Dionne Quintuplets, and a Crinoline Lady Cake in a circle of eleven candles for each little girl. Write to our cookery department for details of making cake.

MORE PIES . . .

● Pies are favorites in this week's mail. Readers take up challenge by American recipes that recently won prizes for other homemakers in our best recipe contest.



CUSTARD pies have always been family favorites.

Variation suggested for the sophisticated is a cream cheese pastry, and a honey glaze after baking.

The dumpling pie and Dutch pie are not conventional pies, but, anyhow, what is the dictionary definition of a pie?

QUEEN CUSTARD PIE

Four ounces plain flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 2oz. shortening, 1 teaspoon sugar, water, jam, 2 or 3 dessertspoons cakecrumbs or breadcrumbs, 1 egg, 3 tablespoons water, ¼ cup milk, 1 dessertspoon sugar or to taste, few drops flavoring essence, nutmeg.

Sift flour with baking powder and salt. Rub in fat, add sugar and mix to a dry dough with cold water. Line small pie-plate, greasing the dish if pie is to be lifted out before serving. Trim edges, pinching the pastry with thumb and first two fingers to give a light, crisp, attractive edge. Spread bottom with jam (or fruit such as shredded pineapple or drained, stewed rhubarb may be used). Cover with cake or bread crumbs, and pour on hot milk into which sugar, water, egg and flavoring essence have been beaten. Grate nutmeg on top, and bake in hot oven for 5 minutes, and then reduce heat to moderate and bake until the custard is lightly set.

First Prize of £1 to Miss E. J. Flynn, 36 Church St., Stockton, N.S.W.

DUTCH APPLE PIE

Two cups plain flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar and ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda (or use self-raising flour), 1-3rd cup margarine, 1 tablespoon sugar, about 2-3rd cup milk, 1 egg (may be omitted), 3 cooking apples 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ cup honey.

Sift flour, salt, cream of tartar, and soda. Rub in shortening, and mix to very soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Spread in greased sandwich tin, cover with sliced apples, and bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Mix butter, cinnamon, and honey, and spread over apples, and bake 20 minutes longer. Serve hot with custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. Thompson, Saltbush Park, St. Lawrence, Qld.

CREAMY STRAWBERRY DUMPLING PIE

Two level tablespoons shortening, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, milk, strawberries, sugar.

Rub shortening into sifted flour, baking powder, and salt. Mix to a dry dough and roll to thin sheet, and cut into five-inch rounds, or divide dough into four, and roll into thin rounds. Place sugared strawberries into centre of each, moisten edges and pinch together, forming round balls. Place in greased piedish, cover with lightly sweetened hot milk, and bake for about ½ hour in a moderate oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Clarice Seaberg, 244 Clarinda St., Parkes, N.S.W.

BANANA AND JAM PIE

Two cups self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 5 level tablespoons dripping, 1 dessertspoon sugar, good squeeze lemon juice, water. For filling: 4 bananas, juice of ½ lemon, raspberry jam, little sugar.

Sift flour and salt. Rub in dripping until like fine breadcrumbs. Add sugar and mix to a dry dough, with lemon juice and water. Divide dough in half, and roll out and line a pie-plate, about 8-inch size. Sprinkle flour and little sugar over bottom of lined plate. Cover with half-sliced bananas, cover with raspberry jam top with remaining sliced banana, and sprinkle with lemon juice. Roll out remaining pastry, moisten edges, and lift over filling. Trim and decorate edges. Bake in hot oven 20 to 30 minutes. Serve hot with cream or custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss E. Ruback, 181 Mary St., Maryborough, Qld.

WHOLEMEAL DATE CAKE: 4oz. wholemeal self-raising flour, 2oz. shortening, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2oz. dates, 2oz. golden syrup, 1 egg, ¼ cup milk, few nuts for top. Bake 30 minutes.

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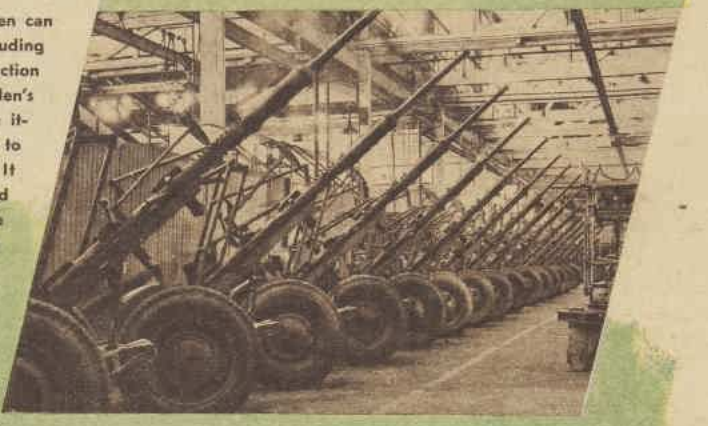
Australia's Armoury . .

With the Pacific War yet to be won, production of vital war needs has not ceased for an instant in the vast plants of General Motors-Holden's. Latest news from the factory front is the just-released story of the Australian manufacture of the 20-millimetre POLSTEN Multi-purpose HEAVY MACHINE GUN, now off the secret list.

An amazing multi-purpose weapon, the Polsten can be used with deadly effect in many roles, including anti-aircraft, tank-attack, or Naval warfare. Production in quantity was achieved by General Motors-Holden's and their sub-contractors, not merely of the Gun itself, but also of various mountings, which added to the versatility of this piece of British Ordnance. It is noteworthy that the complete Gun was produced and ready for proofing in Australia at about the same time as in England. Another gratifying aspect of the Polsten production is that Australia played some part in joining in the design of the weapon with those in England.

Production of the Polsten Gun by the Australian-wide organisation of General Motors-Holden's and their sub-contractors gives renewed significance to their slogan: "VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS!"

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